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THE East Prince Rupert Development Company, with offices in Winnipeg, has been publishing full page advertisements in the newspapers of various cities, offering "inside lots" at \$50 each and "corner lots" at \$75 each. Although these huge advertisements urge people to send along their money not a single name is mentioned of anybody connected with the company, nor are any references given. These lots in "East Prince Rupert" are described as "the only lots that can be purchased in the immediate vicinity of Prince Rupert at a price so low that everyone can afford to buy." This may be literally true, but any sensible man before purchasing would desire to know from some reliable source why these lots are available at a low price. Are they accessible, are they suitable for building purposes, are they necessary to the immediate future of Prince Rupert, the seaport terminal? If they are desirable lots, necessary to the development of the Grand Trunk Pacific terminal, why were they not included in the townsite, and why was not the land held in reserve by the company as is being done with the entire townsite until the Grand Trunk Pacific is good and ready to throw it open? The huge advertisements of the "East Prince Rupert Development Company" state that "lots purchased from us now will increase in value from \$300 to \$3,000 in one year." If so is the company not very foolish to sell out at present? "We urge," say the advertisements, "the necessity of procuring lots immediately, as at this price they cannot last long. Our agents from Quebec to Vancouver are sending in cash orders for large blocks every mail." If so, why should the company go to the expense of publishing these huge advertisements? "Once these lots are out of our hands," they say, "they will be held at ten times the figures we are now asking." They may be held all right enough, but the cautious purchaser will desire to know whether he can re-sell. "If," they say, "the land had not been purchased several years ago at an insignificant figure, we too would be asking the same high prices which are asked for lots in adjoining subdivisions less favorably situated. Considering the demand for Prince Rupert property the number we have for sale is very limited, and no other land can be procured at any price, as it is all being held by capitalists." How can high prices be asked for land in adjoining subdivisions if it is all held by horrid capitalists who will not sell at any price? Having had the luck to get a block of land very cheap several years ago these advertisers do not want to keep this luck, but want to pass it on to strangers in various parts of Canada. Evidently they have no desire to become hated capitalists.

What do the newspapers, which sell pages of their space so that tempting offers of these lots may be spread out before their readers, know about East Prince Rupert? Do they know whether the lots consist of level ground or precipitous mountains? Do they know whether the lots are one or twenty miles from Prince Rupert railway station?

As long ago as last August when I was in Vancouver and Victoria, real estate agents who had pulled up stakes in Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Seattle, and other places where booms had been under way, were hovering around watching Prince Rupert and making ready for the greatest land boom in the history of Canada. The way the townsite of the G.T.P. terminal has been held in reserve by the company, tends to cause the enthusiasm to accumulate. The boom of Winnipeg's early days will be child's play to this one. But it looks like a gambling arena into which only the hardened speculator should venture, for he will be pitted against the experts of the continent. This "East Prince Rupert" proposition, however, seems to deal with a tract of country on the side, and not included in the townsite of the G.T.P. terminal.

KIPLING'S "Letters to the Family" have been pretty generally ignored by the newspapers of Canada, and if they secure any general discussion in the press it will be after they have appeared in book form. The explanation of it is that Mr. Kipling did not give the press of Canada a square deal. He made a tour of the Dominion, was lionized everywhere and seemed to take it not unkindly; he made speeches of a semi-political character, saying those things which Mr. Chamberlain at his best would have wished him to say. His journey was more a political pilgrimage than anything else. We turned out in crowds to see the author and poet, and listened to a set speech from an amateur politician of Empire. But at any rate we supposed him to be in earnest in his desire to arrest the attention of the members of "the family," and flash on their notice certain striking ideas. Yet when, his tour completed, he sat down and wrote his "Letters to the Family," he sold them for exclusive use on this continent to a New York weekly paper. No doubt he secured a large price for the letters on condition that no Canadian paper was to secure the right to publish them until after they had all appeared in the New York paper, enabling that journal to push its circulation in Canada and boast its enterprise. Mr. Kipling, while making appeals to sentiment in favor of Imperialism, did not allow sentiment to interfere with his own business. He bartered his affectionate family letters to strangers for foreign long green. Evidently before receiving a fat offer from New York—and the New York offer was made fat in order that Mr. Kipling's fame and the stir he had made in Canada could be turned to account in booming an outside journal to the disparagement of the public prints of Canada—before this deal had been made, a Montreal house, professing to have authority to do so, had offered Canadian newspapers the in crowds to see the author and poet, and listened to set speeches from an amateur politician of Empire. But at any series of Kipling letters at a stated figure. More than one Toronto editor wired acceptance for local rights. We were informed that the acceptance of The Mail and Empire was first to reach the Montreal agent and that journal came out with an announcement that the series would begin in its columns on a stated date. Here the New York paper seems to have got busy and purchased the exclusive use of the letters without the knowledge of publishers in Canada who had contracted for the letters and of others who had endeavored to do so. The press of this

country received a cold deal in this affair, and if Mr. Kipling's agents and not himself are to blame, he should look to his agents.

IT would be a curious thing if Rudyard Kipling with all his supposed keenness of observation, travelled the Dominion from end to end, met all sorts and conditions of people, searched them through and through, analyzed and classified all their thoughts and feelings, and yet failed to discover that this growing country is somewhat tired of being regarded as a mere lean-to of the neighboring Republic. It is curious that a man who professes to interpret us to ourselves failed to learn that we would not care to have letters to this branch of the family addressed to us as if New York were our nearest post office.

The letters have fallen rather flat, chiefly because they were misdirected, but partly because Mr. Kipling when he got home, appears to have been not quite sure what he wanted to write about. While he was touring the Dominion making speeches attention was called on this page to the serious discrepancy between

scare-head article claiming that she is a young sister of a man who was hanged in that city years ago for a notorious murder. The case made a great stir at the time. As the actress must have been a mere child, if not an infant, at the time the crime was committed, and in no sense responsible for the deed of her adult brother—assuming that the man was her brother—there appears to be gross injustice on the part of the press towards the young actress in raking up this relationship and publishing it broadcast. Three persons out of four, perhaps, will be of the opinion that this young woman was entitled to make her way in the world, under the stage name she had assumed, without having her family secret ferreted out of the past and used to her detriment.

It is the custom of the press everywhere, and instances of it occur almost daily, to show much industry in finding out and publishing the names and addresses of the relatives, near and remote, of young men who commit crimes. It must often seem to the readers of the press that altogether too much diligence is displayed in this respect. The more revolting the crime the more particular are

tion, by blood or marriage, to any fellow who gets mixed up in a sensational crime.

REV. D. C. HOSSACK's name is being mentioned in connection with a Liberal nomination in North Toronto for the Ontario Legislature, just as his name was mentioned in connection with a Conservative nomination four years ago. At that time he wrote a letter condemning the Ross Government; he has now written one censoring the Whitney administration. It is somewhat unusual for a clergyman to write political letters, and this may explain the mention of Mr. Hossack's name first as the possible candidate of one party and then of the other. Or perhaps he does not discourage those who approach him with the suggestion that he should throw off his clerical garb and plunge into the strife of politics.

As the names of several clergymen have been mentioned of late in connection with party nominations in Ontario, it may not be out of place to express surprise that Rev. D. C. Hossack should haunt the brink of politics as he does. What is the fatal fascination? I have known Mr. Hossack since he first came to Toronto, and have availed myself of every convenient opportunity to hear him preach. He is unquestionably one of the foremost pulpits in this country—a big, fine looking man, with a slow voice, impressive manner and plenty of ideas. When you go away from the service he has conducted, you can neither forget the man as you saw him nor his subject as he presented it. Eight or ten years ago I heard him preach a sermon on the Prodigal Son, and he invested the old story with so much modern meaning that I could almost write a summary of it even now. In whatever church he holds the pastorate, the capacity of the building is soon taxed to the utmost to accommodate the crowds that gather to hear him. He is invited out much to preach special sermons and deliver lectures, and wherever he goes draws and charms large audiences. If the pulpit offers a career to anyone, here is a career. If preaching can have power and influence, here are the means for both in a shining degree.

Yet men say he is willing to enter politics. Some say he is anxious to do so. It seems to me that one election campaign would take out of any person all his desire to play in that game. Nor does it seem likely that a person could play in that game and remain very long in the pulpit. On the other hand, should a man leave the service of the church to sit in the Legislature and take to the political stump, it is extremely doubtful if he could have much of a career in politics. Should a man abandon religion for politics—so his action would be described—he would become a special mark for the ill-will of everybody in the political party to which he opposed himself. Old-fashioned ideas, hard to reason with, would be at the back of this prejudice against the man. Much as he might seek to keep his own party on safe moral ground, he would see himself accused of complicity in all kinds of evil practices. He would be more maligned and distrusted than the average politician. Nor would he be altogether trusted in his own party. Always there would be the fear that the man who had descended into politics, might seize a dramatic opportunity to make his ascent again.

WHY should Hon. Adam Beck stand almost alone at this moment among the leading men of both political parties in Ontario, in advocacy of public control of Niagara power? Why should this subject be evaded on all possible occasions by the politicians of both sides at nomination and other campaign meetings? Why is it that scarcely any member of Mr. Whitney's Cabinet, except Mr. Beck and the Premier himself, has ventured at any time or place to speak out without equivocation on this subject? Nobody knows, but everybody is entitled to know.

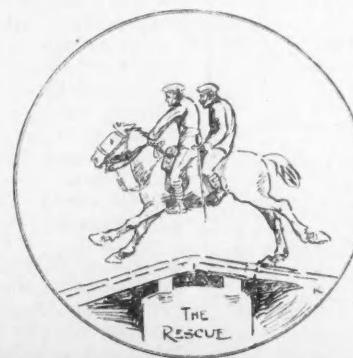
If the Whitney administration which created the Hydro-Electric Commission and set Hon. Adam Beck at his great task, really means to carry through the enterprising policy of which he is the earnest and competent champion, why is not that policy placed where it belongs, in the forefront of the present campaign—as the one truly big and important undertaking of Mr. Whitney's term in office?

Why are the politicians on a hundred platforms talking of petty issues and ignoring the one and only development of the past four years which means anything to the welfare of the province?

Mr. Whitney has, more than once, spoken out clearly enough in harmony with the policy Mr. Beck has worked out under the Premier's direction, but no person can fail to note the extreme reticence of other members of the Cabinet on the subject and the marked absence of definite statement on the part of candidates who regard themselves as being Cabinet possibilities. Where's the mystery? What's the matter? What is the possible happening against which these cautious people are guarding themselves?

FRIENDS of the Opposition are in a position to say that the policy is not theirs and they are under obligation to boom it, when those responsible for it fail to do so. But it is mystifying to find the candidates supporting the Government keeping silent on a stroke of policy revolutionary in its character. No explanation is possible except that the administration is not sure that it will go through with what it has undertaken, or, that influences are at work spreading doubt on this point throughout the party and urging candidates to shirk the question and leave the issue open.

It is all very well to see the game of politics played with spirit, but this is the greatest issue that has cropped up in Ontario in a life-time. If the present moment be not seized to secure Niagara power at cost, we may rest assured that circumstances will not again so frame up as to permit of such a thing being done for a generation. The energy that turns wheels, the electricity on which industries big and little depend, is a natural monopoly and a vital necessity. Why not have it under disinterested control? There should be no favoritism in the sale of it, no variation in prices, no discrimination for or against any man or company. That on which the life of industry depends should not be in the unregulated control of a few persons, when it is possible to have it administered in the



MIMIC WAR AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT

A NEW EVENT, A MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON THE CONVOY WHICH IS WAITING FOR THE ENGINEERS TO FINISH A BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER. DURING PART OF THIS ACT THE ELECTRIC LAMPS ARE SHUT OFF, SEARCHLIGHTS BEING THE ONLY ILLUMINATION. OUT-POSTS OF THE DEFENDING PARTY ARE REPRESENTED IN THE FOREGROUND.

his opinions as expressed to Asiatic-exclusionists on the Coast, and those expressed by him on the same subjects to an audience of politicians at Ottawa who wanted to shirk this race question. At the Coast his references to the Orientals were of a nature to win the applause of the exclusionists; at Ottawa his remarks on the same subject were of a nature to win applause from the opposite camp. A flying visitor gets but a bird's-eye view of conditions. Rapidly covering a country thousands of miles in extent a man gets his information piece-meal, hears one side of a story at a time, and at his journey's end finds in his mind a tangle of observations and impressions of places, men, and questions. In these letters Kipling hampered himself with a mission. He wrote not as R. K. but as the disciple of Chamberlain. He was in the cramped pose of a schoolmaster, and at times the reader has the uncomfortable feeling that the lesson is to the infant class—that the letter is to the small child of the family.

It has been reported that Kipling will come to Prince Edward Island to spend the summer. It is to be hoped that he will. A book from his pen after a few leisurely months in Canada, instead of a few hasty days, would be worth while.

A YOUNG actress having made a hit in England and her portrait having been widely published, a sensational newspaper in San Francisco has come out with a

the chroniclers to inform the curious that the man accused of it is a nephew of so-and-so, a cousin of somebody else, and has a married sister living at a certain street and number and another married to Mr. Blank, a prominent citizen of a certain town or village. Why should this practice be continued? It frequently happens that the offender has long before severed all his family ties and gone his own way—deaf to good counsel, ill-requiring assistance given him—until his relatives have lost all trace of him. Yet when he does murder, or worse, his relatives far and near are dragged into the public prints and associated in the popular mind with the disgrace of the crime. There is much injustice in it and a wanton disregard of people's feelings. A man's sisters, especially, are in no sense to blame for his evil ways, and no object on earth is served by bringing their names and addresses and those of their husbands into evil prominence when a worthless fellow commits some disgraceful offence or revolting crime. The grief of a sister will be great enough without all this publicity, which can but serve to gratify gossip. The identity of an offender can be fixed, sufficiently even to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of the reading public, without going as far as is the present usage. Even the best of our newspapers, edited by men who omit much, suppress a great deal and leave out many things by request, would find it difficult to explain why they take so much trouble to advertise the names and addresses of all the respectable people who can be said to bear any relation

interests of all. We are at the beginning of this thing—it is early morning in the day of electricity. There is no other monopoly whatever that compares in importance with control of the life-juice of industry, the light, heat and power used in modern centres of population.

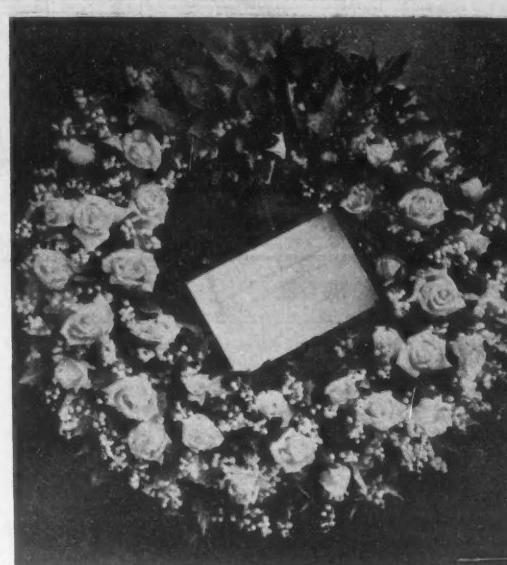
In this matter it is impossible for the Whitney Government to confer a great boon on the public without doing a certain amount of injury to individual capitalists, and it is a waste of time to grope about for some means whereby the desire to serve the people can be made to harmonize with the desire not to antagonize special interests. The Government must choose. The administration must be judged by its choice—either to abandon all it has done, all it has promised, all it has led the country to expect, or go ahead trusting to the worth of its services and the earned support of the people.

SOME strange notions are set before the public in some of our criminal trials. The secretary of a well-known club having made away with a large amount of the funds of the organization and having been brought back for trial after a long search, his lawyer was represented as saying at his trial last week that he "had a good defense," in that he had not gone away taking club money with him, and that it would be shown that he had loaned money to members of the club. Nothing of the kind was shown in the trial. An unfair aspersion was cast on other members of the club, because even had such loans been made it would not have meant that the borrowers were aware that the money loaned them had been dishonestly acquired. It is not altogether unusual for men intimate in business, or in amusements or in the social life of a club, to accommodate each other with loans, and in such cases it is not customary for the borrower to suspect that his friend has misappropriated the funds which he is lending him. It does not occur to him to question the source from which the money is derived, or to doubt the ability of his friend to make the loan which he obligingly offers to make. To say that a man has "a good defense" and to suggest that blame attaches to those (if any) who accepted loans from him, is a perverted view to take of a man's defalcation, and may tend to confuse the minds of young men who are entrusted with the handling of other people's money. The man who has charge of funds is responsible for them; he has no more right to lend such funds to his friends than to spend them. Money not his own he should not use, and if he does so the responsibility is all his own. He cannot pass over any of the blame to those with whom he wrongfully invested any such money, nor to those to whom he may have loaned some of it, for neither in the relations of business nor of friendship, will men venture to question a man as to whether he has stolen the money which he is making use of. In polite society a man assumes that his friend is not a thief.

A NICE picture postal card reached me the other day showing a large mill and elevator at Fort William, and no doubt these cards will get a wide circulation. On the card is found this printed notice: "Published by Stedman Bros., Brantford, Canada. Made in Germany." It seems rather odd that even in advertising our scenery, mills and manufactures, we must advertise the printing shops of Germany, and convey the impression that we cannot produce these cards in our own shops. What has gone wrong with the "Made in Canada" movement?

FOR nearly a month a man named Moir, a soldier of the barracks at London, has been "wanted" by the police for the murder of a companion, whom he shot while on a drunken spree. The other man was on duty and had been sent in to quiet the noisy one. The two men were good friends, but Moir was in an ugly mood and when spoken to fired the fatal shot. In the confusion he escaped, and for nearly a month a man-hunt has been in progress. One day Moir would be reported as having been seen near Seaford, and the next day at some point a hundred miles distant. He was seen hiding in a box car at one place, while in another village a local scrapper made fame by getting into a fight with him in a bar-room. The case has made quite a sensation, proving once again that people take a great interest in murders. While all this hunt was going on the criminal was quietly working as hired man on a farm four miles from Elora, and might not have come under suspicion had he not gone about his work with a revolver in his belt. His employer did not like the looks of this, and talked about it to the stage-driver. Suspicions were aroused and Chief Farrell, of Arthur, with a friend, went out and arrested the murderer. The man had no chance whatever of escaping. The whole country was on the lookout for him. Even had he got across the international boundary line, he would have been no safer. By taking up work quietly on a farm he was safe for a while, but only until suspicion of him had had time to form in the minds of those who saw him daily. Moir boasts that if he had possessed money he would never have been caught. But had he trusted to money rather than to the seclusion of Robb's farm it is almost certain that he would have been captured sooner.

People who saw this man did not suspect him of being Moir. After reading the sensational matter published about him they fancied Moir to be a desperado, a powerful fellow with shoulders about five feet across, with legs like those of an elephant, armed with guns and ready to slaughter men right and left. They were not looking for an ordinary, under-sized hired man such as the real Moir is. Even the newspaper reporters were surprised when they saw him in the lock-up at Arthur. The Globe representative on seeing him in his cell wrote of him that "he is a man of soldierly bearing and gentlemanly address." The Star reporter appears to have been similarly impressed. "His bearing is soldierly," says that journal, "and when he speaks it is easily seen that there is something of the gentleman about him." Surely it is almost worth while getting hanged to earn such praise from the press.



Canada's Tribute to Britain's Deceased Premier
Photograph of the official wreath sent by the High Commissioner for Canada, London, on the occasion of the death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The wreath was composed of maple leaves, roses, and lilies-of-the-valley. The maple leaves were selected from those forwarded last autumn to Mr. W. L. Griffith, of the High Commissioner's office, by correspondents in various parts of Ontario and Quebec.

There are men about to be elected to the Legislature for whom the party journals would scarcely say as much. But no doubt the real Moir is something not quite the desperado who was represented as being at large, nor the gentleman now in the cells. Perhaps he is just an ordinary human failure, who, insane with drink and having a loaded gun in his hands, shot a fellow-being and must pay the penalty.

M R. ASQUITH laid down a significant proposition when he explained the reduction in rank of Lord Tweedmouth. The new Premier said that as the Admiralty was a great spending department he considered it necessary that a responsible Minister should sit for it in the Commons. In the new Cabinet this practice is followed in regard to each of the spending departments.

SOME of the English newspapers, notably The Times and The Nation, have spoken out plainly, expressing their surprise that King Edward should have been absent at Biarritz during the recent constitutional crisis, necessitating the new Prime Minister to make a continental journey at a time when hours were precious and all kinds of complications were occurring. The sitting of Parliament was interrupted for over a week, and, as one journal expresses it, "such a dislocation has no parallel in our politics, and, we believe, is equally distasteful to both constitutional parties." In the crisis both the King and the Prime Minister were deprived of the advice of their friends. It is said that the absence of the King was not due to ill-health. It was even proposed that the new Cabinet should proceed to Paris and there meet the King in Council, but this unheard of expedient was abandoned. "The frequent and prolonged absences of the monarch from this country," says The Nation, "recall the days of the early Georges rather than of Victoria, but no one anticipated that they would be permitted to delay the solution of a constitutional crisis." It is probable that this plain talk on the part of foremost English journals will horrify some good people in Canada. Yet Public Opinion says: "We believe semi-official excuses were sent to the papers that spoke out."

Hints were not wanting for some time past that there existed a considerable amount of popular dissatisfaction with the frequent and long absences of His Majesty on the Continent, and the unprecedented incidents of the recent Cabinet crisis gave this discontent an opportunity of expressing itself with effect.

MACK.

The First Wesleyan Peer.

I T seems a strange thing that although Methodism has for so many years been such a spiritual power in Great Britain, and her sons have distinguished themselves in many different ways, yet Sir Henry Fowler is the first Methodist who has ever been created a Peer of the Realm. There are many Anglican Lords, and there are forty Roman Catholic Peers, yet so far Methodism has had no representative in the Upper House. Probably one reason for this may lie in the fact, of which Methodism is proud rather than ashamed, (says the Christian Guardian), that she has gone by preference to carry the Gospel to the common people, and her ranks have been largely recruited from the middle classes and the poor. However, her sons have recently been forging their way to the front politically. Mr. Walter Runciman, who has recently entered the Cabinet and accepted the post of Minister of Education, is a member of the Methodist church, and there are now forty-three or forty-four Methodist members of Parliament. This is quite a change from 1880, when the number was only seven. Probably by and by even the Lords will show a large sprinkling of Methodists.

The Lack of Great Men.

M R. ARTHUR C. BENSON, in his causerie, "At Large," in The Cornhill, inquires whether we have great men among us, and says:

The question is whether the modern conditions of life are unfavorable to greatness; and I think that it must be confessed that they are. In the first place, we all know so much, too, about each other, and there is so eager a personal curiosity abroad, a curiosity about the smallest details of the life of anyone who seems to have any power of performance, that it encourages men to over-confidence, egotism and mannerism. Again, the world is so much in love with novelty and sensation of all kinds, that facile successes are easily made and as easily obliterated. What so many people admire is not greatness, but the realization of greatness and its tangible rewards. The result of this is that men who show any faculty for impressing the world are exploited and caressed, are played with as a toy, and as a toy neglected. And then, too, the age is deeply permeated by social ambitions. Men love to be labelled, ticketed, decorated, differentiated from the crowd. Newspapers pander to this taste; and then the ease and rapidity of movement tempt men to a restless variety of experience, of travel, of society, of change, which is alien to the settled and sober temper in which great designs are matured. There is a story, not uncharacteristic of modern social life, of a hostess who loved to assemble about her, in the style of Mrs. Leo

Hunter, notabilities small and great, who was reduced to presenting a young man who made his appearance at one of her gatherings as "Mr. —, whose uncle, you will remember, was so terribly mangled in the railway accident at S—." It is this feverish desire to be distinguished at any price which has its counterpart in the feverish desire to find objects of admiration. Not so can solid greatness be achieved.

I N the new tariff act of the Australian Government there is a special provision by which all magazines which contain advertisements in excess of one-fifth of the total number of pages are liable to a duty of 2d. on the pound. The news agents were allowed four months in which to make arrangements for special editions, omitting advertisements. At the end of that time all purchasers of American and other magazines from newsdealers, received them with the advertisements torn out, while individual subscribers, receiving their copies through the mails, were called upon to pay duty, this amounting in one case to 2s. Those refusing to pay were unable to secure their magazines. This is a drastic way of dealing with a difficulty, but it will be interesting to follow this experiment and see how it works out.

T HERE is one city in the world to-day which bears an absolutely unique distinction, and that is Detroit—the "City of Pills." This year it is estimated that Detroit manufacturers will make three-quarters of the world's supply of pills, or over six billion pellets, of all sizes, shapes and colors, and intended for almost every ailment of human kind. In the city are made over two thousand different varieties of pills. America is the greatest pill-consuming nation on earth, for, while Detroit pills find their way to every conceivable corner of the globe, not more than one-third of the total product leaves this country, the average consumption being something like sixty pills per capita per year.

M RS. ASQUITH, the wife of the new British Premier, is well known for her philanthropic work in the east end of London. She and her sisters, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Rebblesdale, started a creche for babies and attended to it personally. Mrs. Asquith is specially interested in factory girls, taking large parties into the country every year and helping them in every way. Before her marriage Mrs. Asquith was Miss Margaret Tennant and a great friend of Mr. Gladstone. Conspicuous among the wedding presents was a book from Mr. Gladstone inscribed in his own handwriting, "To Margot Tennant, as she is and is to be."

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, who has attracted much criticism both in England and America by presenting to the Royal United Service Museum the flag of the American frigate Chesapeake, is the great grandson of John Jacob Astor, whose father was a butcher in a little German village near Heidelberg and who came to New York in 1783. He went west and made money by peddling worthless gewgaws to the Indians, receiving skins in exchange, which he dressed with his own hands and shipped to London. His investments in New York real estate made him eventually one of the great capitalists of the world.

COUNTRY women, if they want to have a picture of themselves at their best, must get it taken before they are married. That's sure! Toil and hardship and maternity that Whittier immortalizes in his poem; anxiety and fret about the inexorable rent or mortgage, or the brutal, dishonest, impudent store bill, soon robs her of her youthful beauty and gives her that worried, I-wonder-what's-going-to-happen look that one so often sees on all their faces.—The Khan.

CANADA has no more need for a Senate, says the Calgary News, than an automobile would have for a fifth wheel—which would create a bit more dust. In the case of the Senate it gets away with more "dust" than the people should have to pay. One of these days some progressive government will very properly take up the question of abolishing the Red Chamber, and when they succeed will have earned the thanks of a grateful people.

T HE Burmah Echo, of Rangoon, says that a native postal subordinate, who had been fined for neglect of duty, addressed his chief in the following terms: "Your Honor may be right, I may be wrong; I may be right and Honor wrong; let Honor give me back the fine; and then at the day of resurrection, when all hearts will be open, if I am wrong, I will most gladly, sir, return your Honor the money."

R EAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, in handing over the command of the United States Atlantic Squadron to his successor, made an address to his officers in which he said that to ensure the peace of the world the need was for more battleships and fewer statesmen. It is a smart remark, but not very profound.

A S one reads the opinions of the English newspapers on the new Asquith Cabinet and finds the merits of each man set forth in turn, we are reminded of the advance notices of the Toronto ball team before the season opens. But it too often happens that an all-star nine does some woeful team play.

I T appears that public opinion is not yet sufficiently advanced to furnish a supporting constituency in Ontario for an independent journal. It stands in something of the same relation to the avowedly party organ as the temperance hotel does to the hotel with a bar.—The Presbyterian.

T HERE is too much profanity on the stage. It is not necessary; it offends many.



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Tenders for Building Fisheries Cruiser for British Columbia.
The time for receiving tenders for the British Columbia Fishery Cruiser will be extended from the First of May until the First of June next.
F. GOURDEAU,
Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.
Ottawa, April 22nd, 1908.

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THE TORONTO

INVESTOR MONTREAL



MONTREAL, MAY 14.

A LOT of nonsense is written from time to time concerning enormous salaries paid to this or that man, but the ghost stories concerning that paid by the Guggenheims to John Hays Hammond, the eminent gold mine expert, crops up often than any other. Newspapers have quoted Mr. Hammond's salary all the way from \$250,000 to a round million per year. As a matter of fact, however, he does not receive anything like the former sum, not to mention the last named one. A friend of many years' standing chanced to be in Montreal the other day, and as he happens to be one of the Guggenheim's "top-notchers" what he said concerning this and other matters pertaining to that firm is interesting. He was not talking for publication, so that I cannot well give his name, nor the rank he holds in the great Guggenheim combination.

"Hammond is well paid for his work, which is of the highest possible class," said my friend, "but you can take it from me that he does not receive any such yearly salary as you have mentioned. The Guggenheims are liberal, but not foolish. I don't pretend to know the exact sum that Mr. Hammond receives. But I know his work and I know my own. I would say that Mr. Hammond receives somewhere in the neighborhood of \$50,000 per year. Or just about what the President and your Governor-General get every twelve months."

In speaking of the Guggenheims my friend remarked that while Jews themselves, (German Jews), they employed none of their own nationality in positions of trust. "In their office you will find some Jewish clerks, all in minor positions," he continued, "but not a single head of one of their many departments."

The great railway, mining and steel experts are not the only men who receive large salaries. For instance there is Rev. Dr. Manning, who has just taken over the work of Rev. Morgan Dix as rector of Trinity Church, New York City. Dr. Manning receives, I am told, the tidy sum of \$50,000 per year. Just how he earns it I don't know. Dr. Manning was the assistant to Rev. Morgan Dix, and thus was his successor in the great Trinity Corporation, which is to-day perhaps the most wealthy ecclesiastical body outside the Roman church. Trinity Corporation owns property in the city of New York which a hundred and fifty million dollars could not buy. Just exactly what it is worth the world knows not, for no statement is ever issued, and the management is in the hands of three or four, of which the recently elected Dr. Manning, a man yet under forty, is one. Immense blocks of houses, tenements, stores and single dwellings are owned by Trinity Corporation, the sum total of which would make our wealthy Sulpicians, here in Montreal, look like a lot of paupers. The three or four trustees in charge of this vast wealth owe allegiance to no man. They are answerable to no one. They elect each other and they elect their successors, and you might be a member of Trinity church in good standing from boyhood to old age and know no more about it than I have told you here.

Whether the late Mr. F. H. Mathewson, manager of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce died a natural death or passed away as the result of an accident is just now being fought out in the civil courts here, the object being to collect, if possible, the sum of \$15,000 on an accident policy from the Travellers' Insurance Company of Hartford. It will be remembered that Mr. Mathewson, taking an early sleigh ride last November behind a high spirited horse was obliged to exert himself unduly in order to keep the animal from bolting; and as a matter of fact the horse did bolt, but was brought to time by the owner's muscular frame. The exertion was, however, too much, and two days later the man died from overtaxing the heart. The question before the court is whether or not Mr. Mathewson died of an accident, and the decision means \$15,000 one way or the other. Just what constitutes an accident it is hard to say, but one thing is almost certain had Mr. Mathewson remained at home that day he would now have been alive.

When I said that the Bank of St. Jean would likely liquidate its affairs without loss to depositors I was wrong. It now develops that P. H. Roy, ex-Speaker of the House at Quebec, and president of the bank, has been a heavy loser one way and the other, and the representative of the Canadian Bankers' Association now in charge of the bank's affairs, states that in place of a surplus of some three hundred and fifty thousand, there is a deficit of two hundred thousand or more. This will mean that under the double liability clause the stockholders will be hit heavily; that is those who have anything to take. As regards Mr. Roy, he is said to be heavily involved, and has practically not a dollar left.

Major George W. Stephens arrived home the other day from Europe in a rush. Stephens is in a constant state of rush, and accomplishes much thereby. Two days after he landed in Montreal the first of his reports—a comprehensive and minute statement of his four month's travel and investigation of foreign ports—was in the newspaper offices for review. This report was prepared while he was on the move and printed in England. His method as chairman of the Harbor Board is somewhat different from that of the old regime. In these times if the annual report of one year was out at the end of the next twelve months they were doing wonders. Major Stephens comes back with the firm belief that the St. Lawrence route is one of the greatest possible assets that Canada possesses, and moreover, he believes that for the money expended the Dominion has received a larger return than has any port in Europe. In other words, the St. Lawrence ship channel can, he thinks, be developed for less per mile and per ton than any port in Great Britain or the continent of Europe.

TORONTO, MAY 14.

A good deal of indignation seems to have been aroused in Wall Street circles by a recent statement made by one of the members of the New York Stock Exchange, that it was a usual practice among brokers to hypothecate securities generally for loans, irrespective of ownership. The Wall Street man is susceptible, and at the same time

very pretentious. To show the world how preposterous and misleading such a charge was, one of these houses took reporters into their confidence, and opened up a trunk full of securities for them to gaze at. This reminds us of what Jay Gould did some twenty-five years ago.

When he was accused of selling out his big interests in some railway properties, he opened up his strong boxes and startled the public by his enormous holdings; but it was just as much of a trick he played as when he on another occasion announced that gold exports were being made. He is given credit for having borrowed a few millions of gold from the sub-treasury, and of making an ostentatious display of loading the specie before the building, but instead of depositing it in the outward-bound steamer the gold was eventually brought back in a circuitous route to the sub-treasury, and there deposited. The scheme had been well planned, and Gould covered many thousands of shares at a handsome profit.

Very few people take much stock in the high moral tone assumed by the Wall Street crowd. In many respects their business methods are no worse than those of others, and presumably as legitimate. But a country that gathers about it all the fragments that go to make up wealth on the get-rich-quick principle cannot absolve itself from the ordinary practices of deceit and dishonesty. Brokers can talk as they please, but fully 75 per cent. of their business is speculative or a mere gamble. We will admit that this proportion of pure speculation may be a little excessive at this particular time, both as regards Wall Street and Toronto. There has recently been a large number of investment orders executed. The stock books of nearly all first-class companies show a larger number of holders than ever before. Investments have been made because of the large return on capital and the general depression in trade and commerce.

New York brokers at the present time are very keen after business, and they are offering inducements which would not have been thought of a few years ago. The reason is that the general commission business is slow. Even what are usually termed big houses are accepting orders for 50 down to 10-share lots, and on a margin of \$2 per share and upwards. Of course, such an order on the small margin must be accompanied with a stop-loss order at 2 per cent. less than the price paid for the stock. Such a transaction is nothing more than a gamble, and is on a par with the alleged bucket-shop speculation. Houses doing such a business as a rule have little means, and are not in a position to hold securities for their customers. The securities are hypothecated with banks or loan companies. A commission broker who holds no stocks is perhaps in a better position to give better advice to a client than another house who is endowed with ample means to pay for all the securities they buy for customers. The interest account is a more profitable one to a broker than the profits made through commissions. A house with a good number of "bear" clients usually piles up profits very fast. For instance, a broker may have on his books \$500,000 of a certain security, and at the same time some customer may be "short" \$500,000 of a similar issue. In this case the broker would practically have no stock to carry. It would be offset by the "bear" client, for whom it was sold. But, nevertheless, the client holding \$500,000 of security in this case is charged, say, 5 per cent. for holding securities which have been sold by the broker. In the course of a year there would be a net profit of \$25,000 to the commission house on this transaction.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two-and-one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) on the Capital Stock of the Bank, for the quarter ending 30th May, 1908, has this day been declared, and the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st June.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 23rd to 30th May, both inclusive.

By Order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.
Hamilton, 13th April, 1908.

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existing rates. And though money factors apparently point to depression in the shares, it would not be surprising if the easing and cheapening of money and the cessation or diminution of the eager bidding for capital of all kinds should result in bank stocks rising, instead of falling."

There is no new development in the traction and light companies. Although the Toronto Railway franchise will expire in about 13 years, a firm of local brokers advise the purchase of the railway stock. They say that the control of the Electrical Development Company through the Toronto and York Radial Railway Co. is important to the Toronto Railway shareholders, even if the franchise within the city is not to be renewed. This control of power may also be expected to result in a great extension of the suburban lines, which will be another asset. Both these factors, in the judgment of the brokers referred to, have materially improved the asset value of Toronto Railway stock during the past year, but the market has not reflected this improvement.

The firmness of sterling exchange in New York this week, and the resumption of plans for gold exports, were a natural sequence of the money market position. It is too early to conjecture how much gold should now go out on a movement of this sort; the foreign subscriptions to American new bonds will have some bearing on the matter, the action of foreign interests who have lately bought stocks on the open market in New York will probably have more. At some point on an advance such as has just occurred, these purchasers are apt to be heard from in the way of realizing sales. Usually, the market knows that "London has taken profits" when the profits have been securely laid aside in Lombard Street. Since April 15 the New York bankers have shipped \$11,500,000 in gold to Paris direct. This is all believed to have been for the account of Germany.

The Financial News of London says, as per cable of May 12, with reference to a recent allusion to Misinformed bonds of Canadian cities, that a correspondent states: "That it may be interesting to know that a certain city in Canada defaulted on its debt until the bondholders subscribed a sum of money and instituted a lawsuit, which compelled the defaulting city to resume payments." The News adds that the matter is clearly one which ought to have full publicity, and asks the correspondent to send further particulars.

It is unlikely that the correspondent in question will come forward to supply any additional particulars unless he desires to draw still further upon his imagination. The firm of Aemelius Jarvis & Co., bond brokers, said when shown the above cable: "There are only two instances in the history of Canada where Canadian municipalities were forced to withhold temporarily interest on their bonds, and none whatever in which the investor lost any of his original investment. About forty years ago Hamilton was forced to withhold for a time interest on its waterworks bonds, but only for a time, and that the investor in this instance lost nothing in the end is apparent from the very handsome revenue that is now accruing from this source. Ten years ago Toronto Junction, on the collapse of the boom, compromised with its creditors, and arranged to pay something in excess of three per cent. on debentures which called for twice that amount. But the position of the town now financially precludes any possibility of further loss to these bondholders. In recent years there is no case on record where difficulty has arisen on the part of any municipality in meeting its obligations. The Financial News has been palpably misinformed by its correspondent."

The public have but a faint idea of how much money has already been absorbed by railroad and industrial corporations in the United States since New Flotations. During 1907 authorizations exceeded \$2,000,000,000, but owing to high money rates and, later, the financial disturbances, the new securities could not be marketed, so that the total actually offered was only \$1,394,000,000. Since January 1, 1908, the output of stocks, bonds and notes has reached the huge total of \$555,000,000, which is only \$52,000,000 less than the corresponding figure a year ago. And then it must be remembered that the majority of large railroads have still to be heard from. Is the country, asks the N.Y. Journal of Commerce, saving enough capital to absorb the mass of securities already issued and about to be issued? Cheap money has brought an era of bond and note flotations, an era not entirely different from that which preceded the congestion of 1903. The superfluity of reserves carried by banks may suggest that an almost unlimited amount of borrowing can be indulged in, but to penetrate beneath the surface, does not this very excess of idle funds mean that profitable employment cannot be found for it and that therefore fresh capital is not being rapidly accumulated?

A Famous Absurdity. SOME personalities are almost water-logged with anecdotes, and one of these was Lord Eskgrove. To be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, writes Henry Cockburn in his "Memorials," with a proper imitation of his voice and manner was a sort of fortune in society. Sir Walter Scott was famous for this particularly. When ever a knot of persons were seen listening in the Outer House to one who was talking slowly, with a low, muttering voice and a projected chin, and then the listeners burst asunder in roars of laughter, nobody thought of asking what the joke was. They were sure that it was a successful imitation of Esky, and this was enough. Yet never once did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity. . . . As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel, the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were His Majesty's!"

He had to condemn two or three persons to die who had broken into a house at Luss and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun and others, and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first was as his almost constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hamesucken—of which last he gave them the etymology—and he then reminded them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax: "All this you did, and God preserve us! joost when they were sitten doon to their denner!"

MR. GREENWOOD TELLS OF HIS YOUTH

M. A. P., one of the interesting penny weeklies published in London, is running a series of autobiographical sketches, the latest of which is contributed by Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P. The article is accompanied by this editorial reference:

"Mr. Hamar Greenwood, B.A., M.P., barrister-at-law, has been senior member for York since 1906, and was appointed by Mr. Winston Churchill as Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonial Office. Mr. Greenwood is very popular with all parties in the House. He is a thorough Canadian, and has for many years been publicly identified with the interests of the Dominion. His practice at the Bar is very extensive, and he is recognized as a specialist in Privy Council appeals from the colonies."

Mr. Greenwood, among other things, says:

If ever I have boys (though at the moment I am a bachelor, without any prospect of marrying), I should like them to enjoy to the full this Canadian life, which, I think, is a boy's Paradise. Even now, when July turns up, my mind naturally wanders out to the blue waters and the cool majestic forests of the Dominion, where hundreds of lakes and rivers have never yet seen the white man's rod, and where large areas are as yet unknown, save to the Indian, the hunter and the pioneer.

Before going up to the University of Toronto, where I matriculated in 1887, a firm, but wise father insisted on my cooling my heels for a year or so as a village schoolmaster. It was certainly an interesting, though chastening experience to be the headmaster of the village school of Spodunk (the nickname of a village I shall not further identify). This community was a typical, colonial community, largely composed of farmers, freeholders, on an average of 100 acres a piece. The two dominant figures in village life, the Squire and the Parson, are unknown in Canadian rural life, because there is no landlord class and no established church with its parish system.

There was the four-cornered store, with its immense verandah, on which congregated the wisdom of the village at sundown. There was the tavern, now, I believe, a ruin, because the last owner put a match to it and burnt it down, owing to the passing of the local Veto Act by the township. And there was the village hall, where, in the winter evenings, we used to have the most wonderful debates, lively but lengthy, as every man is a talker in the West. The village church was Methodist, which is the prevailing denomination on the country side. As for the village schoolmaster, he sang in the choir, helped to run the Sunday School, he was best man at all the weddings, godfather at most of the baptisms, and no funeral was considered sad enough and respectable enough unless he looked his "glummet," in the first buggy behind the hearse.

Another honorable function of the village schoolmaster was to deliver a touching and overwhelming laudatory oration at the graveside of the departed. This was no great strain on the sense of accuracy, but it well-nigh exhausted the fund of pleasing adjectives in the English tongue.

It is perhaps because of these varied, though not unhappy experiences, that I acquired that semi-episcopal expression of countenance which prompts irreverent persons to refer to me as "the Bishop."

I think, if I had my life to live over again, I should again like to spend the days of my youth in the big and democratic Dominion. The whole history and social structure of Canada tends to encourage and never to discourage or depress a boy or girl. Personally, I think the most grievous of all crimes is to sneer at the ambition or to stunt the development of the young. I do not believe any artificial restraint or social feeling should for a moment interfere with the development of the myriads of children who fill the cradles of the country. In all our colonies the boys and girls have an equal chance, and they grow up, in the main, strong and fearless and unaffected by the social and religious prejudices characteristic of older communities.

The Silent.

If the little sister or the little brother
Came crying through the darkness to our door:
"Beloved, thou canst help me and no other,
Ah, pity I implore!"

Would we not draw them close in tender fashion
With never word of censure or surprise,
And soothe and aid them there with all compassion,
We, who are old and wise?

How is it, then, when we from one another
Cry to those higher with despairing breath,
Ourself the little sister or the brother,
To one most wise in death.

Praying: "Ah, comfort me, ah, guide me truly,
From thy white wisdom counsel or consent."
Ah, ever to these silent rises newly
Our sound of discontent.

Can they forget so wholly, nor discover
The weak hands groping at their garment's hem—
The little sister or the little brother,
Would we not stoop to them?

—Theodosia Garrison, in the May Appleton's.

A Journalist Peer.

ORD LUCAS, who has been appointed Private Secretary to Mr. Haldane, can be claimed as a member of the Fourth Estate, for he is not only a journalist himself, but the son of a journalist. As Mr. Auberon Herbert, he went out to the South African war as representative of The Times, and was wounded in the early days of the campaign. But it was not till June last (notes P. T. O.) that he was elevated to the peerage. The bluest of blue blood runs in his veins. On the side of his father, Auberon Herbert, that eccentric genius, whose "politics" used to astonish the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his fame, he is of near kin, to the Earls of Carnarvon, Pembroke and Powis, while through his mother, a sister of the last Earl Cowper, he inherited his English barony of Lucas and the Scottish barony of Dingwall.

The Lucas peerage was originally conferred by Charles II. curiously enough on a woman. Since the reign of George I. the title had been held by peers and, Lord Lucas regained it only last year, after a remarkable hearing of his claim by the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords. The fact that his son has now the right to sit in the House of Lords would have horrified the elder Mr. Herbert had he been alive, for when member for Nottingham he declaimed vigorously against the powers and privileges of that House.

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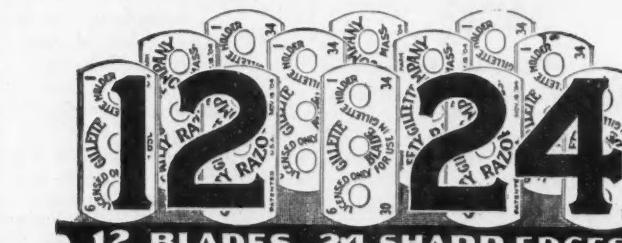
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UP SUDBURY WAY

Some of the astonishing developments of the past three years—as seen by a shrewd observer who has been knocking about the country.

MINING, like real estate and sawlogs, comes in booms. Then the boom bursts and the results go through the mill. Some of them stand the test well, some indifferently, and the remainder do not. Hence we get: good lumber, culls, sawdust; real estate, real estate broker; mortgaged householder; mine, mine broker, bust. And the last is most frequent. Ontario has had them all, and badly. The existence of the real thing, optimism, belief in splendid potentialities, a few clever sharks, and many credulous, anxious-to-get-rich-quickly people have figured in all our booms.

We had the Vermilion river gold boom, north of Sudbury, when everybody adventurous who could get the price of transportation, a few pounds of pork and flour, a tent, and a fry-pan, struck for the wilds, believing that the food and the fry-pan would last until fortune was wrested from Dame Nature. Then somebody—Dr. Howie, of Sudbury—found nickel, and the goldwashers became nickel prospectors, and every hill and swamp from Lake Wahnapitae to Webbwood was staked out and recorded as a nickel mine.

Our next mining boom trekked west to the Rainy River district and the veins of the Mikado, the Ophir, the Sultan, Hammond, Dyke, et al., were, by enterprising promoters and alluring prospectuses, magnified and extended all over the west end of Ontario until the gullible public believed—and paid for the creed—that everything was gold from the south boundary line of Canada to the confines of Keewatin. And this boom burst and people gained experience, and the proprietor of the corner stores in the country sold pounds of tea and butter wrapped up in worthless mining stock. After the Klondike rush promoters turned their attention to British Columbia, whose vast mineral resources were enhanced by the distance which lends enchantment. Again the entrancing science of speculative mineralogy exercised its sway over the mesmerized public, who sought to recoup the former losses under the shadow of the wings of the War Eagle. Some did not, and when they had recovered their breath, Cobalt in all the glory of its full bloom—silver and blue—with a railway right into it, burst upon them, and people's hopes and watered stocks soared to a vertiginous height, and—well, the majority are up in the air yet.

But all these booms have served a useful purpose. They advertised portions of Ontario which were like a sealed book, for there is no advertisement like a mining boom. They attracted people there, some of whom made money and most of whom lost. They added to our knowledge of the land, industrially and geographically; nothing stamps the topography of a country so indelibly as a man's mind as the tramp out of it, packing a valise full of specimens and old clothes.

More than all this, these have made good to a certain extent. They all had their foundations in concrete facts and these now remain in the shape of working, shipping and paying mines; each the centre of a community, supporting a village and a school; drawing and paying for supplies from all over the province.

A MONG this class are the nickel mines of the Sudbury district, where immense sums of money have been spent during the past three years in opening up new deposits or improving the facilities of older ones. This expenditure has been distributed over a wide area and has flowed into many channels. It has swelled the receipts of iron and steel manufacturers, mining machinery and engine builders, electrical supply companies, explosive factories and transportation companies. It has gone into the pockets of labor, skilled and unskilled, and thence into the tills of storekeepers and bankers.

The leading concern in this expenditure is the Canadian Copper Co., which has spent at least six million dollars in Copper Cliff and vicinity in the last three years. New mines have opened at Creighton and Crean Hill; an electric power plant established at High Falls on the Spanish river, and an immense new smelter erected at Copper Cliff.

This town is unique in its peculiarities. Situated in a hole four miles from Sudbury it is as bare of vegetation as an ice-floe, and green is an unknown color in the place. It is dominated by the Canadian Copper Co., who own the land, streets, sidewalks, water supply, electric light service and ninety-nine per cent. of the houses. The town is incorporated and its 3,500 people let it go at that. There is a Mayor and Aldermen, but that worries nobody, as the Canadian Copper Co. is paramount and there is no debt. It is the antithesis to the greatly vaunted Glasgow, with this great advantage: There are no civic problems to keep people awake at night studying the cost of municipal government or the qualifications—mental, financial, or religious—of the Aldermen. Graft and investigations are unknown.

If the baseball club or the golf club want a ground the sympathies of the president of the Copper Co. are enlisted, and the thing is done. The Finland element desired a church. The company's engineers drew up the plans and the building was erected. It was the same way with the schools, the clubs, and the excellent hospital. The company does it all. It may be called civic despotism, but it is despotism of the most amiable and felicitous character. Life at Copper Cliff is made easier and happier by it, and that is the great desideratum.

Of course, both Socialists and the Guild of Civic Art would find fault. The former would want to liberate the town and the latter to beautify it. The civic beautifiers would find a grand field. A town which is bounded on two sides by barren rocks, on the third by hay piles, and on the fourth by 200,000 tons of roasting copper ore, belching a dense pall of reeking sulphur smoke, cannot be called aesthetic. But it is tremendously utilitarian and when one considers the beginning and end of the various elements at work, it opens up a vista which surpasses the perspective of paintings.

THIRTY miles southwest from the town are the High Falls of the Spanish river, where four columns of water, 85 feet high, harnessed to generators, send a current of 30,000 volts across hill and valley to Copper Cliff. There it is tamed down, distributed and takes its ordained part in the life and industry of the place. It operates an electric railway, carrying ore to the furnaces, works electric cranes, drives the blowing engines which supply the breath of life to furnaces and converters, drives the foundry and machine shop, lights the town and pumps water.

Its functions do not end at Copper Cliff. Two other

villages depend upon it—Creighton and Crean Hill. Creighton mine, seven miles from the parent town, is the greatest deposit of copper-nickel ore mined in the world. An American mining engineer, who visited it last summer, made the following remark as he looked at it:

"When I look at that hole in the ground and realize what it means I am inclined to think Ben Butler was after all the most far-seeing politician of his day. After the North and South war he wanted to march the troops into this country and annex it. He said that it would pay us, and that England could not prevent it. Nobody believed the first part of his statement to begin with. Now we are beginning to realize what we missed."

What the States would have realized beyond hard knocks out of the late and lamented Benjamin's proposed expedition is vain speculation at this date. What the American owners of Creighton mine have realized is something very tangible. Its discovery and marvellous production gave the Canadian Copper Co.—alias the International Nickel Trust—command of the nickel market. It helped the Standard Oil, which controls the Nickel Trust, in its fight for the supremacy of the copper market. It placed Canada in the front rank as a nickel producer. It was one of the chief factors in turning north the flow of American capital, and in directing the attention to this country of mining men from all over the world.

And all these results have come from that hole in the ground, some five hundred feet long, by three hundred wide and three hundred feet deep. The miners clime like flies to the side of the excavation, which, for twenty hours out of twenty-four resounds with the irritating stammer of the pneumatic drills boring their way into the sides of the crater. Their clatter is varied four times a day by blasting, when the roar of gelignite is taken up by the surrounding hills and carried in billows of sound for twenty miles in every direction. A thousand tons of nickel-copper ore can be mined in twenty-four hours. It is blasted down from the sides, loaded into small cars, run along tracks and hoisted four hundred feet into the towers of the two rocks—houses. There it is crushed, sorted, dropped into cars and carried off to the roast beds at Copper Cliff. And electricity does it all. It drives the air compressors which supply the drills, runs the hoisting engines and works the crushers.

Further west is Crean Hill mine, only a year old, but an infant prodigy. Three hundred feet underground men of all nations are picking, drilling, blasting, and send up five hundred tons per day of the most remarkable ore in the nickel belt. Wonderfully rich in copper—its chief product—the mine also gives nickel, gold and platinum. These by-products pay for the mining and the absence of sulphur in the ore eliminates the expense of roasting. Two years ago it was but a swamp, surrounded by birch and poplar, the haunt of those bloodthirsty ghouls, the black fly and the "skeeter," and the runway of numerous deer. Now the thrilling pibroch of the insects is drowned by drill and blast and the rattle of ore trains; a village has sprung up where the deer browsed and four miles of railway follow the valley of the creek to Victoria mines. Sixteen thousand dollars bought the property—half a million were spent on it and now fifty million dollars would hardly buy that nickel-copper cliff, half a mile from north to south, of unknown area, delving down to unknown depths. And here again electricity is king and the wizard of High Falls is the life of the place.

THE TRAMP.

NOTE—A second and more general article about railways, rivers, minerals, people and politics, will appear next week.—EDITOR.

Stories Told of the Poet Rostand.

A MONG the many social amenities of King Edward's holiday was that of taking tea with Edmond Rostand, the celebrated French dramatist and poet. The author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon" would (says P. T. O.) be one of the most enviable of men but for his health, which has always been precarious—for he is wealthy, strikingly handsome, one of the best-dressed of Parisians, an "immortal," and married to a charming wife, whose poetical accomplishments are inferior only to his own. He has known nothing of failure or ill-fortune. "Cyrano" proved to be one of the theatrical gold mines of modern times, yet M. Rostand was in a blue fit of apprehension on the night of production. He anticipated a hopeless failure, and at the premiere he disguised himself as a souper in order to study the "feeling of the house."

Like all true geniuses, M. Rostand is a man of peculiar temperament. He hardly ever goes out, never takes any exercise, rarely sees anybody, and has only one or two friends. "My wife and children suffice me for company," he says. "I wish to be alone. I am quite without the pale of the Paris world of letters. I belong to no school or literary coterie. I do not know what my brother authors say of me. I am so nervous that I cannot mix with people. I must be alone."

A comical incident occurred in connection with the birth of one of M. Rostand's children. When he went to the Mairie to register the new-born infant, the conscientious functionary who booked the child turned to him. "Your name, sir?" "Edmond Rostand." "Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French Academy." "Very well, sir," replied the official. "You have to sign your name. Can you write? If not, you may make a cross."

Rostand is not the man to be imposed on, in spite of his poetical aloofness. At a country villa recently he was kept awake every night by a dog which barked the moon, and aroused all the other dogs within earshot. A man named Faillietout said he could stop the barking—for a consideration—and actually succeeded in doing so. A week later, however, the barking started again.

This time M. Rostand thought he recognized the dismal tones of the leader of the chorus. He summoned Faillietout and questioned him as to his alleged power over animals. Faillietout was flattered, and discoursed at large. "And can you bark like a dog?" asked the poet, in a tone of reverent admiration. Faillietout demonstrated. "Ah, I recognize that bark," said M. Rostand; "don't let me hear it again at night." Faillietout departed crestfallen, and the how-wows barked no more.

Prince of Wales' Travelling Record.

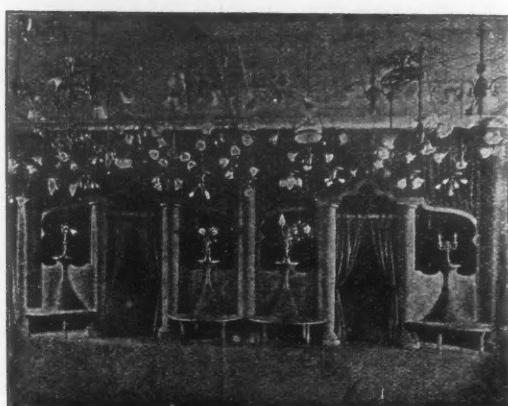
THE Prince of Wales's visit to Canada will add considerably to the travelling record which makes him the greatest traveller of all the royal families. His Baccarat cruise, with the present Czar, some years ago extended over 54,679 miles. During his colonial tour, six years ago, he and the Princess travelled over 45,000 miles, and in all those journeys, with the exception of Port Said, he never set foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly. Again, on his trip to India the Prince travelled 8,807 miles by railway alone.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

WITH a perversity which is getting him heartily disliked, the weather-man handed out a soaking wet night for the opening of the Military Tournament, which, while it no doubt kept many half-hearted patrons at home, since there would be four other performances, yet didn't dampen the ardor, no matter what it did to the frocks and hats of the admirers of the Queen's Own Rifles, whose night it was. There were hundreds of pretty women, hundreds of smart men, leges crowded with youth and beauty, and the gay uniforms of the various regular and volunteer corps. Government house box was occupied by Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark and the Misses Mortimer Clark, the elder sister in a springlike tint of green, with beautiful yellow lace sleeves and black toque, and Miss Elise in turquoise with white lace, and a very pretty black hat with turquoise ribbons woven in and out through the openwork crown. Across the arena, for this year the seats run all around, was Stanley Barracks box where Mrs. Victor Williams, in a white lace gown and white hat touched with pink, queened it very prettily; Mrs. Carpenter was assistant hostess, and three fair ladies from "outside," Mrs. Burstell, wife of Lieut.-Col. Burstell, in white with black hat and white ostrich plumes; Mrs. Lafferty in pale blue gown and hat, and Mrs. Roy in a very dainty pale pink gown and flower-laden hat, and each of their husbands in the smart uniform of their corps, made up a very dashing and attractive group. The Grenadiers' loge, with Mrs. Gooderham of Deancourt in black velvet and white lace and large black plumed hat; Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Miss Beatty of Oakdene, Mr. Jack Lash and Mr. Gooderham, was very smart. Mrs. Campbell Myers, Miss Edith Holland of Deer Park, and Mrs. Porter were in another loge nearby. Mrs. Riddell, in a stunning gown, covered with a large ercu wrap, and a large blue hat; Mrs. James, also excellently gowned, with flower-crowned hat, and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, made a coterie attracting much admiration, and were escorted by Judge Riddell to a loge on the north side. Mr. W. H. Brouse had one of the smartest parties, including Miss Brouse, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Skill, Mr. Finucane and Dr. McLennan. Mr. and Mrs. Darling of Rosedale had a family party in their loge. Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Miss Flora Macdonald, were in a box on the south side, where also Mr. and Mrs. Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hees, Mrs. Alan Sullivan and Mrs. Sands of Chicago were the happiest of partisans. General Cotton, taking great interest in the programme, and paying visits to his many friends on both sides of the arena. Colonel Lessard, Major Panet, Colonel Burstell, whose promotion came a few days ago, were busy returning greetings of old Toronto friends. The Officers' Gallery was filled with fair ladies and men in scarlet, the two brides of this spring, Mrs. James Elmsley and Mrs. Young being among the former, also Mrs. Walker Bell, Miss Elmsley, Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. James Cooper Mason, and Mrs. Van Straubenzee. The Queen's Own box was occupied by Lady Pellatt in a very smart green and cream gown and hat touched with heliotrope. Mrs. Peuchen in black and white, and Mrs. Miller in a very dainty dove-colored wrap and blue hat with flowers. Mr. Rousseau Kleiser and his dark-eyed fiancee, Miss Murray, Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Miss Jean Alexander, looking wonderfully well, Mr. George Alexander in his Highland uniform, one of the best looking of the handsome Kilts; Mrs. James George in a pretty white gown and wrap and wide-brimmed hat, smothered white and mauve clover blossoms; Mrs. Donald Ross in a delicate mauve gown and hat, Mrs. D. W. Alexander in ruby velvet, Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Rene Gamble. Mrs. Wellington Bogert and one or two others occupied a box on the south side which was most popular. Mrs. Sandford Smith looked very pretty in black velvet. The band of the Q.O.R. was stationed in the north gallery and played all the evening. About ten o'clock the Daughters of the Empire, who are in charge of the refreshment room in the Officers' messroom, entertained the Government House party. General Cotton, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, and several others. A special table decorated with lovely brown and gold lady-slipper blooms from Casa Loma, the Pellatt "house on the hill," being set in the alcove for the

guests of honor. Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Hedley Bond matronized the pretty waitresses, and Miss Hedley took in the cash. The cosy room, with its crimson furnishings, looked particularly nice on Wednesday. Thursday the Grenadiers, and Friday the 48th Highlanders were the regiments in whose special charge things were, and each rivalled the other in attention and chivalry. His Excellency and his daughter were the guests of honor on Thursday night, and last night and to-night the R.M.C. Cadets from Kingston are to give their fine performance. On Wednesday Captain Douglas Young won the heads and posts competition, Mr. Constantine also being a dashing rider, with (like some others in this event) a fractious horse. The musical drive was the stirring thing on Wednesday evening, and as the heavy gun carriages bumped and slammed and whirled on the tan-bark, there were various squeaks and cries from timid she's for fear of a collision. The programme was long, and before the close of the bridge-building and the finish of the realistic scene from the Boer war, the clock was nearing the last hour.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann have been in Winnipeg, and are to be home this week.

Mrs. Little, of Woodstock, has been in town with her sister, Mrs. Brydon. I believe she has returned home.

The luncheon in aid of the Home for Working Women was crowded on Wednesday, scores having to wait for seats for some time. St. James schoolhouse was quite transformed; a succession of dainty booths were set up around the walls, and the centre of the floor was reserved for the luncheon. The booths were exceedingly well stocked with pretty things, the fancy work, dolls and home-made preserves and pickles being fine. The flower booth, under Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson's supervision, was a thing of beauty. The general scheme of decoration was green and white, though each booth followed its own sweet will in this matter, one being covered with a perfect swarm of black and gold butterflies, and the fishpond being very dashing in Spanish colors, vermillion and gold. The candy booth was popular, and a baby's furnishings booth was excellent. High tea was served each evening, and the usual crowning attraction was much in evidence, that is, the attentions of the prettiest waitresses in Toronto.

Mr. Harry Grubbe and Mr. Baldwin have gone to England for a visit of a couple of months. They were bidding their friends goodbye at St. James schoolhouse at luncheon hour on Wednesday.

Mr. Charles Fleming is away from town. Mrs. Fleming has been a valuable assistant at the luncheon this week.

Mrs. Hillyard Cameron is leaving next week for England, and sails from Quebec by the Montrose.

At a house wedding the littlest girl, amazed at the appearance of the surprised person, enquired in a tone of some reproach: "Is that your nightgown?" The naif question brought down the house!

Guests are expected in great numbers for the Jockey Club May meeting, which promises much enjoyment.

Mrs. Robert Dunbar, who has been in town on a visit, returned to Ottawa this week. She and several others were admiring the beautiful pictures at the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition one afternoon and congratulating Mrs. Knowles on her success. Both Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles' pictures are going to Ottawa, having been purchased by the Dominion Government for the National Gallery, also the painting by Mr. Harry Britton, one of Mr. Knowles' pupils. Mrs. Knowles and Mr. Britton have been elected associate members of the Royal Canadian Academy.

The State Ball at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, takes place on May 20. Several parties are going to the capital for this event.

Mrs. Dignam has gone to England. Mrs. and the Misses Fudger have gone to England. The Bishop of Algoma, Mrs. and Miss Thorlloe, sailed for England this week. Bishop and Mrs. DuMoulin and Miss F. DuMoulin are going next month.

Large and well-pleased audiences greeted the Press Club's presentation of "Three Little Maids" at the Alexandra last week. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, the Misses Mortimer Clark and Major Macdonald occupied one of the boxes. The Mayor and his party had another, and the smartest society people were in other boxes and the stalls.

Mr. Harold Steenbuch is coming up from Montreal for a visit during the race meet.

The marriage of Miss Gabrielle Terroux, daughter of Mr. Charles Terroux, of Montreal, to Mr. Oswald S. Boult or that city has been fixed for the 10th June.

A very pretty wedding took place in Barrie on Wednesday, when Miss Lourdes M. Hartt, daughter of Mrs. Emily Hartt, Barrie, and niece of Hon. John Costigan, Ottawa, became the bride of Mr. John Carroll Donnelly, Montreal. The ceremony was performed in St. Mary's church at six-thirty a.m., the Very Rev. Dean Egan, assisted by Rev. Father Finegan, officiating. During the nuptial mass the choir, of which Miss Hartt had ever been a cherished and faithful member, rendered appropriate selections. The petite bride looked very charming in a handsome travelling suit of Copenhagen blue, with hat to match, and carried an immense sheaf of white roses. Miss Eleanor Donnelly, sister of the groom, was bride-maid in dainty gown of blue and large blue hat, and carried Sunset roses. The maids of honor were Miss Charlotte Ault in chic suit of blue with a shower bouquet of white carnations, and Miss Agnes Hartt in delicate pink frock and hat, and carrying pink carnations. The groomsman was the bride's brother, Mr. Willie Hartt, while two younger brothers assisted on the altar. After a dainty breakfast the young couple left for New York to spend their honeymoon, and on their return will occupy a cosy house in Montreal, which has been prepared with loving care and forethought for the pretty bride.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ridout, of St. Albans street, have removed to No. 6 Spadina Gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macdonald are back from Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Leadley have also returned to town. Dr. James and Dr. Norman McLeod and a bacheur friend have taken up house in Buffalo.

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GENERAL COTTON AND STAFF REVIEWING THE TROOPS

Before Massey Hall, Toronto, at the Military Parade on Sunday last.

Troubles
of an Actor

BY BARRY PAIN

THE elderly man with the blue chin and the dissipated eyes placed with a self-conscious and graceful gesture five lumps of sugar in his small cup of coffee. This amount was not due to the fact that he liked his coffee sweet but because no extra charge was made for the sugar. He liked everything that was effective and everything that was supplied free. He felt in the pocket of his rather moth-eaten fur coat for a cigarette case that was not there.

"Forgotten," he said dramatically. "Careless of me."

"I don't know if you'd care about a cigar," said the weakling who was with him offering his case.

The actor appeared to be lost in thought. He took a cigar, cut off the end, lit it, and then permitted himself to be aware of what had happened. "Thanks," he said, "I was thinking of other things, but—thanks."

"And how's things?" asked the weakling cheerfully.

"Bad, my boy; very bad. Of course I could get work if I chose. There isn't a manager in London who would not be glad to have me. But I've got my own ideas; always had. If the work isn't worthy of me I don't want it. I do without it. The other day a man offered me 15s. a week to play the hind legs of an elephant in a pantomime. That to a man who has played Hamlet, Romeo and Macbeth! No, my boy, art's dead. That's not the worst of it, business is dead too. There's just enough of it to present an illusion. You think you are going to touch something and then, so to speak, the flower withers in your hand."

"You've been through some disappointments," suggested his companion.

"That's a poor word for it. I'll tell you, if you like, what happened. I was at the club one day—club of which a friend of mine is a member—and while I was waiting for him to say whether he would see me or not I happened to glance over the advertisement columns of a well-known paper. I came upon an item which stated that a lady was anxious to obtain thorough dramatic tuition on moderate terms. Well, I did not see how the lady could possibly place herself in more capable hands than my own. I'm not an immodest man, but I suppose everybody can do something, and it happens that I can teach the dramatic art fundamentally. Without the least hesitation I whined out my knife and cut that advertisement out of the paper."

"Strictly speaking," said the young man doubtfully.

"Yes, I know. The paper was, of course, the property of the club. But these things are trifles. Just at that moment the waiter brought me a message that my dear old friend was busy and unable to see me. I can tell you I didn't allow the grass to grow under my feet. I didn't wait to write letters. I went right off after the work at once. The address was in Camden Town. I took a bus part of the way and I walked the rest. At first sight everything seemed to be most promising. The house in which the lady lived indicated money. There were signs of money everywhere. I made a very good impression. In fact I've been told that my manner is all in my favor. She

was not a young woman. She was not beautiful. She was married and rather over forty. However, that was no business of mine. She wished to learn the dramatic art; I could teach it. She did not think 2s. an hour excessive: I was in need of it."

"So she bilked you after all?"

"No, sir, she did not. Not in the sense which you suppose. I gave her twenty lessons, and she paid for them all. I taught her how to carry herself. I taught her enunciation, gesture, the whole of the actor's art. But alas, my boy, when a thing is good it is inherent in human nature to try to make it just a little better. That was my mistake. I pictured to myself a small but first-class touring company of which I should be the manager and in which I should play the lead. I pictured to myself that this duffer of a woman might be made quite happy with a small speaking part in that company. I pictured to myself further that she might be prepared to take the full financial risk of the undertaking. So far I have nothing with which to reproach myself. As you know, speculations of this kind are often exceedingly profitable, and after a certain percentage to myself every penny of the profit would have been her own. Well, I led up to the subject gradually. I pointed out to her how difficult it was for a young beginner to get even a hearing nowadays. I told her that some talented people who had the courage of their convictions had insisted upon that hearing and, as it was to be secured in no other way, had themselves borne any pecuniary risks attaching to it. Afterwards, when the success was obtained, managers had come tumbling over one another to secure their services at princely salaries. At the moment I thought she was impressed. I went on and proceeded to unfold my scheme for the touring company.

"Ah me!"

"She didn't see it?" suggested the young man.

"She saw it all right, but it didn't happen to be what she wanted. No: there was nothing in it for me. Absolutely nix. All she'd wanted lessons for was that she might be able to teach her daughter to play Bluebell in a fairy-piece at the breaking-up of her cursed boarding school. That sort of thing comes perilously near to dishonesty. I cracked her up at once, or else she cracked me—I forget which now. And that's the stuff that life's made of."—London Tatler.

AMBASSADORS
AND THEIR CLOTHES

DISCUSSION still continues regarding the appointment of Dr. Hill as American ambassador to the German Court, and the consequent suggestion by Emperor William that the appointment was unsatisfactory, presumably because Dr.

Mr. Bredin, who, after twenty-six years of residence and travel in Alberta, has just left Edmonton for his home in the Lesser Slave Lake district, about 250 miles northwest of Edmonton. Since the close of the Legislature, about six weeks ago, Mr. Bredin has been east on a business trip to Ottawa in connection with matters affecting the development and welfare of his constituency.

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years of residence and travel in Alberta, a great deal of which time was spent in the north, is enthusiastic in promoting any scheme calculated to develop the wealth of that great country, and sanguine of a splendid future.

The overwhelming need of that country, a railway," said Mr.

Bredin to a Bulletin representative as he was leaving Edmonton. "I will never be satisfied until I see the people of the Athabasca and Peace served by a railroad."

Continuing, the member for Athabasca stated that a road from Edmonton into the country lying northwest would be the greatest colonization road possible in Canada. It would bring more good land under cultivation than is possible for any other road, either built or to be built in Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The land is fit for settlement all the way, and for the first one hundred miles the road would run through a thickly settled area.

Other Points of View

RECENTLY in "The Contribut or's Club" of The Atlantic Monthly, a lady wrote a paper on "The Jog," which must have attracted much attention among the cultivated readers of the magazine. She told of the delight she experienced in escaping from the city in order that she might "jog" to her heart's content, escaping all the turmoil of modern metropolitan life. But now comes another Atlantic contributor who says he is a jogger too, but that he gets the truest enjoyment from his hobby by jogging in New York. Hear his experience:

"I jog in New York, and I jog conscientiously, with an admirable success. It may be questioned what good I can do, what balance I can hope to strike with my poor little feather-weight against the dragging mass of New York. That is not my business. I do not meddle with ultimate results. Providence has set me here to jog, and I jog thoroughly. The occupation pursued on Broadway is one of indescribable charm and fresh piquancy. It is not a lazy performance at all, but requires mental alertness and watchful self-control. To refuse to run after a street-car; to decline a policeman's proffered shoe under horses' noses and between the wheels of impatient automobiles; to back up against the street's hurrying stream instead of rushing blindly with it; to stand on the corner and wait a clear space in which to saunter across. An unstable equilibrium is that which the mind achieves for itself, a poise of delicate constant adjustments, very vital and good. Apathy is further removed from this kind of jogging than from any reckless speed. An occasional glance of reproach and wonder from a policeman or from a careering pedestrian, obliged to deflect the straight line of his course a foot's fraction to pass me by, does not disturb me in the least. 'My friend,' I make answer, with a reciprocal regard, 'I do this for the good of your soul. I am a professional jogger.'

It is a fine thing to steal away from our work once in a while to indulge in a jog, but it would be a thousand times better for us all if we acquired the habit of jogging every day, to a reasonable degree. In cities men rush and hurry, at their work, at their meals, in their talk, in their thinking. It's all a mistake. Flurry and slap-dash haste indicate a disorderly mind. The best work—everything that is most efficiently and quickly accomplished—is done quietly. Quietness is the first essential of efficiency, not only in work, but in living.

Here are the full dress directions that must be observed by an English ambassador to Paris:

Clothing—Blue cloth, lined with black silk, black velvet collar, gold embroidery, five inches wide.

Breeches—White kerseymere, with covered buttons at the knees.

Stockings—White silk.

Shoes—with gilt buttons.

Hat—Black beaver cocked, with black silk cockade; white ostrich border feather, treble gold bullion loop, with tassels and bangles.

Sword—Black scabbard with silk mountings, the sword-knot gold lace, bullion tassel.

Sword belt—Silk shoulder, with white cloth frog for sword.

Stock—White silk.

Buttons—with supporters.

These things cost money and a surprising amount of it, but the English ambassador to Paris receives \$20,000 for outfit. In the case of promotion the allowance is \$14,000 and for a simple transfer \$10,000. And all this in addition to his salary of \$40,000.

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A CORRESPONDENT makes some pertinent remarks in Public Opinion, of London, on "Living in Style." He points out that if capital and labor paused to consider that if more money were expended in erecting and maintaining factories and business places instead of in erecting and maintaining expensive residences, it would be much better for both classes. The suggestion naturally leads one to inquire how the wage-earning class could possibly bring any influence to bear in such a direction. The writer in question, however, points out that the people at large—the poorer classes—are themselves largely responsible for much of the extravagance of living

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WHAT a Worth gown is to an ordinary dress, so is "Queen Quality" to the ordinary shoe. This is not mere "say so." Figures show that the women have found it out. The demand grows every day.

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One of the handsomest and least expensive gifts you can make. We have in stock a great variety.

FOR LADIES:

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Catalogue S describes all of them and other Travelling and Leather Goods specialties we make. We pay express in Ontario.

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LEATHER GOODS CO.
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105 King St. West, Toronto.

that meets the eye on every hand. He says:

"Blind to their own interests, their respect for the occupier of an expensive residence compels doctors, lawyers, and business men to live in style, or else suffer in their professions or businesses. That public opinion that fails to see the evil consequences of expensive living, and that even makes it compulsory, is a tyranny that, I believe, many of the well-to-do would be glad to get rid of. In this case, as indeed in many others, human error appears to be the cause of human misery."

There are too many people like this who are totally unacquainted with the benefits of "the jog." Instead of taking up each detail of their work as it comes and disposing of it, they have their minds full of a thousand odds and ends, which they are never able to sort out or rid themselves of, even when they are eating a meal.

* * *

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"Was it a case of love at first sight?" asked the sentimental girl. "It couldn't have been," answered Miss Cayenne. "When they first met he was wearing football clothes and she had on her motor car costume."—Washington Star.

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No "happy-go-lucky" loaf this, that's one day good, the next of a very indifferent sort—but always the same high quality standard.

The baker has an unswerving quality ideal to live up to, and he does it—the ingredients and the skill to use them.

Try this wholesome loaf. 5 cents — at your grocer's.

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"The highest class of Gin made."

Women's
Oxfords



There's nothing so comfortable for a Woman's Summer Shoe as a light, cool and dainty Oxford.

Our new styles are a combination of coolness, comfort and style.

The narrow toes, military or Cuban heels, made on the newest lasts await the woman who wants the "Correct" thing in a summer shoe.

We are showing some very smart styles in Tans and Browns at prices ranging from \$4 to \$5.

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THE STORE THAT FITS THE FEET.

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May 23rd to June 6th
RACING AND STEEPLECHASING

THE KING'S PLATE
\$5,000
will be run on the opening day,
Saturday, May 23.

REGIMENTAL BAND DAILY
JOS. E. SEAGRAM, M. P.,
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W. P. FRASER,
Secretary-Treasurer
GOD SAVE THE KING

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers
in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb Tins.

CANADA'S RAILWAYS

Canada has more than 23,000 miles of completed railway, built at a cost of more than one billion dollars. In actual railway mileage Canada ranks eighth among the countries of the world, and her mileage per capita is greater than that of any other country. Fully 5,000 miles are now under construction. We who live in Canada are apt to overlook the significance of this great development, but everyone who has used "Canadian" automobile and carriage tires is impressed with their splendid wearing qualities. These tires are made in Montreal by the Canadian Rubber Company, and are deservedly popular in every part of Canada. Toronto branch, Front and Yonge streets. Telephone Main 207.

SPORTING COMMENT

THOUGH the Toronto Lacrosse Club, as at present constituted, has no interest other than a sentimental one in the Rosedale grounds, every follower of the game is pleased that they have arranged to perform at the old stand as usual. Diamond Park may be all right in its way, but the enthusiast whose experience goes back ten years or more is a person of tenacious memory and lively sensibilities, and lacrosse in the shadow of the iron foundry would jar on his sense of the fitness of things. To him the mention of the game conjures up memories of a fair stretch of turf shining soft and green in the afternoon sun, and a gentle breeze, fresh and untainted, sifting through the oak trees beyond the fence. And who could gauge the pleasure of the beacherite when, at half time, he rose up and flung the mirthful jape at the ancient and portly golfer, who affected not to hear him?

Those are recollections that cannot be bought for a price and to most of us were part and parcel of the game. "The play's the thing" is a very trite and accurate phrase, but the scenery and accessories did their part in supplying that passive enjoyment that enters through the pores, so to speak, which sent one home at peace with the world, no matter which way the tide of battle flowed.

Though a day will come when the present grounds of the Toronto Lacrosse and Athletic Association will fall a prey to the rapacity of a growing city's land-hunger, an effort should be made to put off the evil day as long as possible. There are memories and associations connected with the Rosedale oval that are remembered with pleasure by scores of men who are now fat and forty, and who whirl up to the gate in their 40 h.p. car where they once tramped it through the buttercups.

There is little doubt that the removal of the Toronto Lacrosse Club from its old stamping-ground would have been a serious blow at the continued existence of the Rosedale grounds as an athletic proposition. The new agreement is supposed to be on a percentage basis, and though this may not figure up to any large amount, every little bit helps when taxes and interest fall due.

So for another year the tally-ho will roll its ponderous way over the Sherbourne street bridge, the whistle of the peanut roaster will be heard in the land, and the boys of the old brigade will be happy.

THE Olympic Committee is beginning to use the pruning-knife pretty vigorously, and several sports that looked quite vigorous in the winter have been lopped off the schedule in the past month. Some knuckles have been skinned in the process, but there has been no hard feeling about it, as the desire of nearly everyone is to send as strong and compact a team as possible. But it is not enough for those in charge of the respective sports to say, "Have we a chance?" It must be, "Have we a good chance?" and if the answer is in the affirmative, then there is justification for the inclusion of that particular sport in the list. Polo is off, javelin-throwing is off and several other games in which we do not excel have discreetly sought seclusion, but there are a couple still left that should be in the discard. Take tennis, for instance. Without mentioning any names we may say that there are about four players in the country that show class, but good as they are they would be wasting their time in a trial for Olympic honors. The probability that the two best English players as well as the Americans and Australians would be engaged in a contest for the Davis Cup in the Antipodes, would not leave the field clear by any means. There still would be a round half-dozen of British experts who could take the measure of our representatives between luncheon and afternoon tea, so what's the use? There is nothing to be gained by deceiving ourselves, so why not apply the knife at once, and get the agony over?

ALTHOUGH a Toronto audience at either a boxing or wrestling tournament is generally well-behaved, there is sometimes a woeful lack of confidence shown in the ability of the referee to distinguish foul work from fair. If a boxer sends over a punch the least bit late when his opponent is endeavoring to clinch, a portion of the crowd rise in their wrath and rend the air with cries of "foul." It

matters not that a capable man is within a few feet of the combatants and has a better chance to discern anything in the way of dirty tactics, or that an inspector of police has a ringside seat, the know-it-all keep up a continuous fusilade of hisses and cat-calls until the bout is over, and if the man they accuse of transgressing the rules is returned the winner, they vent their wrath on the referee. This is not what one would expect from the devotees of the game after the popularity it has enjoyed in Toronto for many a year.

But the noise this class of people make at a wrestling bout beggars all description. As the game is still in its infancy in Toronto it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the audience don't know a strangle hold from a three-base hit, yet the cries of "strangle! strangle!" that they let loose if one of the grapplers happens to circle his opponent's head with an arm, are deafening. And all the while the referee is lying full length on the mat with his eyes within a few feet of the throat that is sup-

such men as Flanagan, McGrath, Rose, Sheridan, and Garrels on their past records if they find it inconvenient to compete at the trials, and surely Longboat classes as high among the Marathon runners as those men do in their line of sport.

* * *

THAT the Feds. are determined to stir up some trouble is shown in the protest against Kerr and Coley leaving early for England and it's the one best bet that they had something to do with the refusal to allow Longboat to skip the trials and train in Ireland. Now, if any man has a right to make the team on past performances surely the Indian has, and the proposal to have him train in Ireland was made because it was impossible to keep him away from the reserve and he couldn't be trusted to train properly by himself. There is likely to be more trouble when Boss Sullivan gets going again, but if the C. A. A. U. make any more concessions to the Feds. and fail to stand by Longboat, it's bye-bye to the amateur game around these diggings. The Indian has been vouched for as being simon pure and if there are to be five or six Marathon runners sent from Canada he should be able to qualify with a broken leg.

* * *

WRITING in the National Sportsman E. C. Fish tells of a canoe and fishing trip made by himself and three companions last summer from Penetanguishene to Parry Sound and return. The trip covered two weeks. As to the cost of it, Mr. Fish says the summer round trip fare from Buffalo to Penetang is \$7.50; adding to this, \$3.50 each for canoe rent, \$7.50 each for provisions and \$2 each for fishing license, the cost of a great fortnight's outing comes to \$20.50 per man. The paddle through the thirty thousand islands of the Georgian Bay is delightful.

ELL, well, well! Do you remember when Buck Freeman used to wallop out home-runs over the fence into the bay at Toronto Island. The other day at Minneapolis a pitcher was put in in the ninth innings to bat in Buck's place.

* * *

A BUREAU of information for bicyclists has been established in Toronto under the auspices of The Associated Bicycle Interests. The purpose of the bureau is to afford free information to all inquirers regarding roads and routes in the different parts of Canada, and to afford publicity for track and road racing events so that qualified contestants from all parts may have an opportunity to enter. Lists of these events, and the prizes when available, will be supplied on application. But the information bureau will not deal with the question of handicaps or the past record of riders. All enquiries, as well as communications regarding bicycling and bicycle races, should be addressed to The Associated Bicycle Interests, Room 30, Saturday Night Building, Toronto.

* * *

I T begins to shape up somewhat as if Sullivan has been spending somewhat more of his time in knocking the Canadians than he should have, as evidenced by the slowness with which the Olympic fund is climbing toward that \$50,000 mark that the Czar set for it. Contributions to date do not total \$20,000 and as there are no indications of any large amounts being on the way the great American team may dwindle down to Matt Halpin and a few representatives of sporting goods houses. It sure begins to look as if the reign of the Czar was nearing its end.

* * *

CZAR SULLIVAN must have received the news about Longboat's carbuncle almost as soon as the distressing tidings reached Toronto, for he immediately announced to the American press that there was no possible chance of Longboat's entry being accepted by the Olympic officials. Quite characteristic of Mr. Sullivan that he should have kept quiet lately and seized upon this misfortune of Longboat's to spread that line of talk abou' professionalism again. But the Indian's case is not hopeless yet as he may be allowed to go without competing in the trials. No one has a better right to make the team on past performances, and just why Longboat should have to wait until after the trials, when others are given permission to pass them up, needs some explaining.

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The A. A. U. has decided to take



Murad Turkish Cigarettes have a distinctive flavor, unlike any other cigarettes.

Anargyros



Hercules Spring Beds support five times the weight—and give five times the wear—of ordinary beds.

Our patent interlacing wires not only have five times the strength, but give this strength to every square inch of the bed.

HERCULES SPRING BEDS

won't sag—won't pull out of shape. They are the easiest, most comfortable, most durable beds made. TEST THEM FREE. Sleep on a Hercules Bed for thirty nights. If it is not all and more than we claim for it, return it to your dealer and get your money back.

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The Ideal Toast is TRISCUIT

The Appetizing Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer

Contains all the food elements for making healthy tissue, good brains and sound teeth. Children love it with butter, cheese or marmalade.

Highly Superior to Pastries or White Flour Crackers.

All Grocers, 13c. a carton, 2 for 25c.

The Economy of To-Day

in buying an automobile may be the loss of to-morrow; the expense of

to-day the profit of to-morrow.

The high grade of materials and workmanship employed in the construction of

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makes them worth the price, yet in comparison with cars in its class, sells at considerably less than cars of foreign manufacture.

Much money is wasted by manufacturers in building automobiles.

The Oldsmobile is one of the very best cars manufactured to-day. Our price is the lowest quoted on a car of like quality. Our methods are the results of years of experience. We stand behind each car we sell with a liberal guarantee that insures your satisfaction, and we are here—on the ground to back it.

THE OLDSMOBILE, a car which is consistently advancing instead of retrograding through mistakes on the part of the builder, must possess greater merit than a car which suffers because of haphazard experiments with devices that are adopted one season only to be abandoned the next. The OLDSMOBILE is always the OLDSMOBILE, good this year and the next and years to follow.

Why experiment in buying cars of unknown quality? Much better to buy the Oldsmobile as an investment rather than put your money into a liability.

If you have not seen and received a demonstration of the Oldsmobile you owe to yourself to do so at once.

PHONE, WIRE OR WRITE.

OLDSMOBILE COMPANY OF CANADA
FREDERICK SAGER Limited
Manager

80 King Street East
TORONTO, ONT.

A MATTER OF DISTINCTION

By W. H. G. WYNDHAM MARTYN

No man could have been more jealous of his wife than was Harold Boyd of his eighty horse power automobile. It almost pained him that his chauffeur had to drive it occasionally; and he would go out before breakfast each morning and gaze with silent admiration at his red monster.

From which attitude it will be inferred, and rightly, that he was new to the game and badly bitten. His three sisters, knowing his mad passion for taking them long drives and discussing what they considered ridiculously trivial incidents at dinner, connected with such uninteresting things as sparking plugs, shock absorbers, piston rings and the like, refused to accompany him unless he bought them new sets of furs.

This he considered a very small price to pay for getting them to hold stop watches and calculate with mathematical nicety the rate at which each successive mile was travelled.

On an afternoon of early winter he had taken his favorite sister into the city on a shopping excursion and was deplored the great length of time it takes a woman to purchase the trifling articles a man would buy in ten minutes, when he beheld her beckoning to him from the doorway. Fixing his goggles more firmly and slipping on an extra coat, for the snow was beginning, he took the car over to her and a minute later was going north at a great pace.

He was well into the open country and hoped to be home within ten minutes, when the rhythmic music of his cylinders was disturbed by the explosion of a tire; and the unprotected rim striking a rock, gave way with a crash.

"Must have been a flaw in the rubber," he said at length.

"What do you mean?" demanded the indignant occupant of the car.

His head was buzzing from the effects of his fall and he answered almost crossly, "It's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Who are you?" asked the girl in the machine.

At the question rarely asked by a sister, he looked up with astonishment and beheld sitting in his tonneau a very pretty girl, in height and coloring remarkably like his sister Audrey. She was dressed in garments which to his masculine eye were almost identical.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

"You know perfectly well," she retorted, "and but for this accident due to your bad driving my uncle would probably never have been able to recover his automobile."

"I don't quite see how this accident, which was due to a flaw in the tire, can help your uncle," he said. "Do you mind telling me what you have done with Audrey?"

She ignored his question. "Perhaps you will tell me this is not my uncle's car?"

"I'm sorry to break a seemingly settled conviction," he answered, "but I have the receipt for this car in my pocket. I bought it one month ago yesterday."

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"I always wanted a really fast—"

"I mean, why did you bring me here?"

"Well," he said in a hesitating manner, "after all it was your fault. You got into my car, didn't you? If you saw we were going in a wrong direction why didn't you stop me?"

A gleam of pride came into his eye and he looked at his watch. "We did that last mile in 51 1-5 seconds; she can do a lot better than that. Let me see, 51 and a fifth times!"

She cut short his calculations. "You should be heavily fined. I asked why you brought me here."

"My dear young lady," he answered with an attempt at a parental and judicious air, "I didn't kidnap you. You got in."

"And do you make it a rule to allow strangers to get in your car and then bring them to these outlandish parts?"

"I thought you were my sister," he returned; "you are dressed exactly like her."

She gave him a glance of derision. "Probably we are not dressed in the least alike. If we are, I shall be very angry with Madame Lucille. Had your sister by any chance an Indian filigree brooch and a big bunch of Parma violets?"

"Yes," he cried eagerly. "Do you know her?"

She cast her eyes aloft in despair. "How could you mistake us?" she demanded. "Her hair is at least two shades darker than mine. Her hat is a shade and a half lighter, and the feathers in hers turn up and in mine

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

his strong arm, and a trifle inclined to be sorry for her treatment of him; but she marched on in silence.

When half of their journey had been finished the lights of a wayside saloon loomed ahead of them.

"They have a 'phone in there," he told her. "Don't you think you had better tell your aunt you are safe? She may be able to send the bold Henri to your rescue."

"That will lift a load from my mind," she said; "he is such a reliable driver."

She barely looked into the passage before she was back to him.

"I can't possibly go in there," she said. "The 'phone is in the middle of a room where men are playing cards and drinking? How could I shout all about the mistake with them listening? And you see my hair is coming down and I feel horribly bedraggled."

"I think you look charming," he replied, "but if you like I will 'phone. What is your aunt's name, by the way?"

"Mrs. Brendon Barrow," she said. Then she looked at him suspiciously. "What are you laughing at?"

"I wasn't," he answered. "I was just gargling my throat with snow. It's good for the bronchial tubes. You had better wait in the carriage shed while I send the message."

"Remember," said the girl as he made ready to go, "to tell my aunt that I am exceedingly sorry to miss meeting the very nice young man she wanted me to see. Tell her that nothing can make up for the disappointment. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," he said.

"Then I wish you would stop gargling."

When inside the bar-room Boyd was instantly recognized as the popular young millionaire who lived a mile or so away, and his popularity was not decreased when he ordered sufficient warm drinks to keep the cold out of all the assembled farmers for that evening at least.

"Drink this," he ordered, in the manner of the family physician; "it's brandy and water and will prevent you from taking cold."

She smiled up at him submissively and had to acknowledge that he was very good looking.

"I phoned home," he said, "and told them to prepare things for your arrival. My sister has already informed them of my elopement with a stranger. Your aunt will see you during the evening, from which I infer that she trusts herself to the bold Henri."

The warmth of the big house and the undoubted sincerity of Mrs. Boyd and her daughters did much to cheer the girl.

"You didn't tell me," she commenced, "that the dance you were going to was to be held here."

"You wouldn't let me make any excuses."

"That would have been the best you could have made," she said, "your sister's gowns are perfectly charming."

"I am anxious to see yours," he said. "What color is it?"

"You never will see it," she answered decidedly. "It was Rose du Barri." She sighed again. "No, you will never see it."

He took out his watch.

"It's just six o'clock," he said. "I'll make you bet I see it within three hours."

"You couldn't win," she assured him. "How could you?"

"A great friend of mind is coming here to-night to introduce my sister to my sisters, the nicest girl she knows, who happens to be her niece. The girl is from Maryland and her aunt is Mrs. Brendon Barrow."

She looked at him reproachfully. "Then you knew all the while."

"Not until I reached the saloon where I 'phoned."

"Is that why you gargled?"

"Gargling," he said gravely, "is good for the bronchial tubes. I told your aunt you were safe and would wait here for her, so she is going to bring on all your things, dress and slippers and that sort of thing."

"It will break my aunt's heart to find what a deceitful kind of man you really are," she said with a smile. "She has an absurdly high opinion of you. I used to yawn when she dilated on your virtues."

"Then as you credit me with vices, you need yawn no more."

At that moment his sister called down the broad oak stairs.

"Hal, the men are here with the horses and ropes for your car. On no account be late for dinner."

"Don't go," said he as he sprang up, turning to the girl; "I shan't be a minute and dinner isn't ready for an hour."

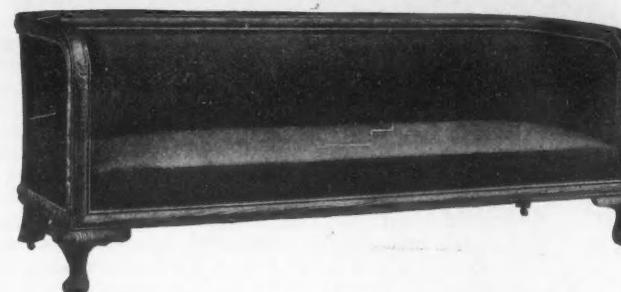
When he returned she expressed astonishment.

"You are not going to let the men go without you?"

He settled himself in a low chair by her side where he had an excellent view of her charming profile.

"Oh," he returned with an air of

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To Rudyard

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And The Man Who Would Be King.

You carried us far on The Seven Seas

By the songs you used to sing.

The charm never faded from Mandala.

From Barrack-room Ballads, nor Kim.

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And the throb of McAndrew's Hymn.

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We'll never forget The Brushwood Boy.

'Nor the Ballad of East and West.

You've piled up a debt we can never repay—

But—we like the old things best.

—Vancouver Province.

THE stories of Turner's merriness are numerous. Once he brought a picture to a gentleman in Clapham Common; the gentleman after dinner handed him a cheque for a handsome amount—as Turner's pictures were then valued. Turner looked at the cheque. The donor saw something was wrong.

"I have made it guineas," he said.

"It was to be guineas, was it not?"

"Yes, the guineas are right enough," said Turner, in the rough voice and the gruff manner that had become habitual with him; "but I paid six shillings for the coach; that is not down."

The six shillings were offered and accepted.



THIS was the morning after The Faness had taken her first degree. For ten minutes, while her coffee grew cold, she stayed immersed in the sporting page. Little gasps, evidently of bewilderment, marked her progress down the first column to the left as you enter that inky realm of dear delight. All of the suddenest, The Faness emerged and spoke:

"Now what on earth does this mean? I saw the game all through, and yet I just can't make head nor tail of this report of it!"

The veteran Fan felt no surprise. He had long, long since abandoned hope that one day everybody would attain understanding of the simplest and most incisive of languages. For that report was as plain as print could make it. Part of it read, simple enough:

"The reds began to get hep to Fraser in the sixth spasm. Lobert's dent to the sun-garden dazed the cubs long enough to waft Hulswitt to the king-row, whilst Lobs attained the middle station. Tinker's Alice-blue toss of Kane's roller got Kling's goat, the big receiver cantering after the pass like a lame cow out wolf-hunting. With two across and a couple looming, Fraser stiffened sufficiently to twine three around McLean's thorax. For once, Umps saw the three right and so stated. With little more than a phony bat and his native aplomb, Mowrey reached twice for wide ones and then staked himself to a slam with a four-way tag to it. But Slagle was there with the stab-stuff, and his fling to the 2-sack slew Kane. So the Cincy push dodged the hook and went away from that place with two notches on their tally stick."

Of course the bewildered Faness was new-come then to baseball's verbiage:

By now that maze of verbiage is clear and understandable to her; as it is, you will find, to the mass of that strange folk which encourage or reproach ball-players by quain and familiar names. The unusual detail is that the Fan—and they that write for the Fan—actually use speech to convey thought. Which not everybody does.

That passage quoted, selected from the Chicago report of a game between Cincinnati (the "Reds") and Chicago (the "Cubs") is notably simple compared with the florile stylists of a few years past. In those days the baseball reporter is rather subdued. In that epoch, even the thirty-second degree Fan must study at times to catch the true occult meaning of the writer's imagery. While now—why, in all simplicity, the succinct, mordant relation is before your eyes. Upon analysis, what could be plainer, what easier to grasp, than the intelligence conveyed by this fragment which puzzled the Faness? Behold:

"Being at bat in the sixth innings, the 'Reds' came to understanding of the methods of Mr. Fraser, pitcher for the 'Cubs.' One Lobert hit the ball in the direction of the 'sun-garden,' or left field, which faces the afternoon sun in all regulation ball-fields. This hit made Hulswitt, a previous batsman them on base, made his legs convey him to third base, or the 'king-row'; and Lobert trotted gaily round to second base—the middle station. Tinker's throw of a ground-rolling hit from Kane seems to have been of dubious quality, as implied by the adaption of the musician's 'blue note' to baseball usage. Naturally, with the Hulswitt person surging down from third base towards home base, and a run imminent, this evil throw was aimed at the catcher, Kling. Angered by the inaptitude of his associate, Kling made just so much effort to recapture the mis-thrown sphere as a cow, afflicted with a limp, would put forth to overtake a wolf—is the simile not apt? While these haps befel, Lobert had followed Hulswitt across the home-plate, and two runs were recorded for the 'Reds.' Ergo: 'two across.' Kane is at second base by now, thanks to the grievous Tinker; and, as he is followed by a supposedly strong batsman, it seems not malapropos to say that two more runs loom before the gaze of Fraser, the pitcher-man—does it, now? But Fraser recovers his confidence; he braces up; he 'stiffens.' And with this recovery, his cunning befools the batsman, McLean, into three futile strokes at the ball which, by its puzzling curves, might be thought to twine round his neck. Note next the delicate innuendo of the jab at Umps, the pariah of baseball. Mowrey, the nextcomer, it may be fairly deduced, has not been batting well these days; but, after two vain efforts to hit balls which are out of his reach, his trusty bat sends one forth which seems likely to permit a 'home run'—a 'four-way' trip, or a journey round all four bases. Alas! The devilish agility of Slagle, noted for one-handed jumping catches—"stabs"—does not fail him; and his catch of a high-flying ball from Mowrey, supplemented by an easy throw to the second-base-man, retires the side, which then goes into the field with two runs to its credit."

"*Take ye time*"

The Umpire—"Baw-aww-l! WUN."

The Fan—"Aw thass aw right. Thass AW right. 'S only one, Bill. Poor old Ump is dizzy watching yuh, kiddoo. Take y' time now. *Take your time*. Slant it over-sul-lantit!"

The Umpire—"Sss-turr-IKE."

The Fan—"T-H-A-T'S the way. ThataBOY, Bill. He can't see 'em. He don't know where you're standin', kid. Twist it round his face, Bill!"

The Umpire—"Baw-WULL tuu-u-hh."

The Fan—"Why hello, Umps! When did you get here? Too bad about your poor eyes! Never mind, Bill, that's just merely two. Two and one. Two and one. Take y' time. Slow him down, Jerry—WORK hard. All a' time a-workin' hard. ALLatime. GET this boob!"

The Umpire—"Stur-rr-ike TUH."

The Fan—"Oh, kina' bad, hey? Kinda' wretched, what? That was a slow one, too. Just lob 'em up, kid—he wouldn't be here if he didn't need the money. Let him hit it just to show your heart's in the right place!"

The Umpire—"Sssssss-turr-ike thr-rrr-eccccccc."

The Fan—"WOW-wow-wow-wow, Bill. THAT'S flingin' 'em some. That's gettin' 'em over. There's one death in the family. Here's another cripple. Work hard. Get this dope-chewer."

And now, in the interests of comparative psychology and as a study in the vocabularies of human emotion—whatever that is—listen (as, forsooth, you shall not avoid listening, being among those present) to the Fan when



"GIT AWAY OFF"

"our" team comes to bat. Then can we better appreciate the nice exactitude of that frayed bromidion which declares that "it is all in the point of view." It is, indeed. Your ears, please:

"HERE'S the lamming kid. Here's the boy that's got the 400 mark. Watch this lad, you near-winners. Gettattim, Larry. YOU can do it. Show him where the fence is broken, bud. Hit it a mile. Lose it, Lar!"

The Umpire—"Starr-IKE."

The Fan—"W-H-A-A-T? Why, you—Oh, well! The blind have to catch a living somehow, I s'pose. It wasn't over two feet outside the plate, anyway. NEVER mind, Larry. That's only one. Make 'm putt-it-over. Wait for a good one—"

The Umpire—"BAW-will wan."

The Fan—"Nice EYE, Larry. You got the Indian

sign on that hasbeen. He can't FIND the plate. Break it up, kid—show him you can do it—show—"

The Umpire—"Bawww-l!!! tu-u-u-u-uh."

The Fan—"THAT'S the gamoosh kid—THAT'S the eye—he's where you trudge, bo—stay with it. He won't letchoo hit it. (To the opposing pitcher): Go-wing UP? GO-wing up?"

Many players have said they are affected greatly, at times, by the coaching of such Fans as this one; and certainly a team visibly "gingers up" when a few dozen such noise-makers are lungfully working for its success. The Fan is keenly partisan, as a matter of course; but he is, also, keenly fair; and clever work by a player on the "other" side never fails to evoke his hearty plaudit, although a moment before he may have been objurgating that player with every weapon his tongue could wield.

Let us say, now, that "Larry," abetted by the Fan, hits the next ball pitched for a clean-cut single dropped just out of the shortstop's reach—the sort of hit styled a "Texas Leaguer." Perched on first base, his mentor in the grand stand turns a leaf in his First Aid to Coachers, and, in raucous tones he sounds the gamut from well-judged advice to weird yowlings intended, primarily, to "rattle" or dismay the opponents. Our Fan's remarks now take this turn:

"(To the runner). Take a lead now—git AWAY off—he dasent throw it—gitoffgitoffgitOFF—GO—WAN D-O-W-N. (To the pitcher). Why donchu sling it, you scream? Back to the lots for yours. Go on, try to nail him—we'll throw it back to you from the bleachers. (To the runner). Get away with his arm now, kid—that back-stop can't throw out of the infield. Get up on your toes—get flossy—gown—goWAN—G-O WAN. Now slide!—slide, you ice-wagon!—S-L-I-D-E!! (To the umpire). Uh, get up, it's time for breakfast. Out? He wasn't out by a city block. Aw—ww, forGET it. (To himself, as one duly resigned to the unkind buffets of an unjust Fate). Gee, I s'pose we can beat ten men, if we have to let Umps play with the other team."

You are to know, commiserated reader, that this is delivered without drawing breath—or sounds so. Punctuate it with those thrilling roars of approval which greet a good play, those snarling gasps of disgust that herald an incident deserving derision; multiply it by the kindred continuous comments of other ardent vocalists encouraging or deterring the players; set your stage with a lush green field, neatly barbed, traversed by the yellow base-paths; for your *dramatis personae* eighteen clean-limbed, alert, vimful athletes, highly skilled in this earnest pastime; frame the whole with the thronged faces of eager thousands, intent upon this modern gladiatorial scene: study, then, the direct vividity of the Fan's speech.

And isn't there something virile, potent, enlivening, in this Language of the Fan?

DONALD DIXIT.

THE PROSPECTOR



C LIMBING the rocks and the mountains,
Sweating 'neath pack and canoe,
Facing the cold and the hunger,
Dragging the netted shoe;

The wealth that is ever in sight,
The prospect follows the gold wraith
That beckons him day and night.

Once in ten thousand he strikes it,
And wealth from the obdurate ground
Flows through his hands like the pay-dirt
His wandering search has found;
Flows o'er the villainous bar plank
For whisky unspeakably vile;
Such is the tale of the lucky,
Such is the fate of his pile.

Back to the flies and the swamp lands,
Back to the gravelled streams,
Back from the harpies and vultures
To the region of roseate dreams;
With only a dog as a comrade,
With hope as his working mate,
He chases the fleeting rainbow
Till he staggers and meets his fate.

S. J.

Toronto, May 11.

Stories From a Pianist's Diary.

HER LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, the pianist, has been attracting considerable attention in London of late, and, of course, has been besieged by the press of the metropolis from stories and reminiscences. Here are a few of those which he has related:

It is perhaps natural that many of the anecdotes which I have to tell concern M. de Pachmann since that great virtuoso has always displayed the greatest friendliness towards me, while his expressions as to my abilities as a pianoforte-player have erred, I fear, in the direction of too high a praise.

I remember once while staying at the Hotel Rondeau, Golden Square, de Pachmann, myself and two other instrumentalists dined together one evening. Pachmann was in great spirits that night, and towards the end of the meal he leaped to his feet to give a toast. "Is it not colossal!" he cried, "that the world should have known four such geniuses as Pachmann and Godowsky!"—here he paused and while I bowed my acknowledgments, fixed his eyes upon the other two gentlemen, who, expecting their names to follow, rose and bowed also. As soon as they had done so he concluded his sentence with the names, "Bach and Chopin?"

In America once I attended a concert of de Pachmann's, and during the performance my presence was "spotted" by my impulsive friend, who at the end of the function dragged me by sheer force on to the platform and insisted upon it that I should play his encore. Nothing but the fact that I was under contract to play only upon another make of piano prevented me from having to comply with his demand.

A very similar incident happened to me in London in connection with a farewell concert of de Pachmann's. On this occasion I was behind the scenes when my friend expressed his determination to bring me onto the plat-

form and make me perform. I immediately took to my heels and fled, being equally determined not to make an appearance. I hunted about for a good hiding place and in the end got behind a big arm-chair that was standing in the corner of a little room at the back of the hall. Pachmann hunted for me energetically but in vain, and I was able successfully to elude him by these means.

I had an amusing little adventure in Berlin, too, where I was once giving a recital at the Beethoven Hall there. While on my way to the hall before the concert I fell in with a stranger who asked me to direct him to the very place where I was going, and I accordingly invited him to accompany me. On the way he asked me whether I knew Godowsky, and upon my replying in the affirmative inquired how he played. "He plays abominably," I replied. "If that is so," said he, "how do you account for his great reputation?" "Ah," I answered, "you know how easy these reputations can be built up." And having now reached the door of the hall we parted.

It was not till some time afterwards that a student one day asked me whether this story was true, as he had heard it from a man who professed that it had happened to himself, and who added that he had nearly fainted when he saw that the pianist and the man who had directed him to the Beethoven Hall were one and the same person. He had frequently told the story, it appears, but no one would believe that it had really happened.

Mr. Asquith's Humor.

P REMIER ASQUITH is not usually credited (writes an English reporter) with much humor, and rarely does a smile flit across his face. Occasionally, however, he throws aside his customary stern dignity for a moment. I once heard him address an open-air meeting in the tiny village of Dairsie, in East Fife. A platform was erected outside the village school, and there, in the dusk, the future Prime Minister besought the votes of his hearers. The chairman, after the speech, gave the hecklers their chance, and at once a farmer, wearing an enormous straw hat on his head, threw himself into the fray. Mr. Asquith peered into the darkness. "I am sorry," he said, "but I didn't see who it was that put that question." Before the man could answer, a ploughman standing beside the candidate solved his difficulty. Pointing to the farmer, he remarked, "It was him w' the coo's breakfast on his head." And Mr. Asquith certainly laughed most heartily.

On another occasion, he was driving round East Fife in a carriage, addressing as many as five or six meetings between five and nine o'clock. One evening he was much behind time, when he arrived at Lethbridge, where a group of electors had assembled to hear him. He made a short speech, and closed by hoping that they would not hinder him by asking questions. A local Tory, however, was not to be denied. He took out of his pocket a packet of closely-written foolscap, and began in a loud voice: "Question number one. Mr. Asquith said on so-and-so a date" (here followed a long, dreary quotation from a newspaper). "Will Mr. Asquith explain what he meant by saying" (another long quotation). Having put the poser, he awaited the answer. Mr. Asquith, in a quiet voice, with a grim smile, simply answered, "No"; and the questioner was so overwhelmed by the brevity of the answer that before he had recovered from his dismay the speaker had said good-bye.

Handkerchief as a Code Flag.

PEOPLE who have experienced some of the platform oratory of General Booth of the Salvation Army have doubtless noticed what a large part his pocket-handkerchief plays in the gesticulations that help to enforce an argument or emphasize one of his denunciatory periods. Comparatively few, however (says London M.A.P.) are aware that the handkerchief is a code flag, by means of which the General conveys his wishes to the devoted followers whose eyes are fixed on him during the time that he is speaking. You are magnetized by the restless movements of the General as he strides back and forth, without a moment's respite. But the erratic movements of that piece of spotless cambric hold you spellbound. Grasped in a certain position in the hand it signifies that one side of the hall is more crowded than the other, and newcomers are accommodated at once without any trouble. Then the handkerchief is raised to the forehead, and as the General mops his brow you will observe, if you are keen of perception, that the windows in various parts of the hall are opened to procure ventilation. The General applies his code flag vigorously to his left ear. It means that he feels a draught on that side. And so on.

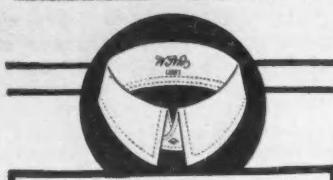
Graves of the Great.

SAYS St. James's Budget, London: Never before has Scotland furnished the grave of a British Prime Minister. It would have been in accordance with the wish of the majority of Englishmen had Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, but it is the exception rather than the rule to bury Prime Ministers in the so-called national Valhalla. Pitt and Canning and Palmerston and Gladstone are there, but elsewhere lie the majority of those who in their day helped to mould the National destinies. Lord Salisbury lies at beautiful Hatfield, within a stone's throw of the bones of Wellington's charger; Beaconsfield rests beside his wife at his beloved Hughenden. Lord Derby is buried at Knowsley; Lord Russell at Chenies; Peel at Drayton; Perceval at Charlton; Lord Liverpool at Hawkesbury; Goderich at Nocton, Lincs; Greville at Burnham, Bucks. Wellington and Melbourne lie at St. Paul's, exceptional representatives of statescraft in that last home of warriors.

In the wide distribution of the graves of our great ones we match in some respects the way of America, of whose Presidents only three have received national monuments. The others lie beneath tombstones which do not mention the exalted office held by the dead. The grave of President Tyler is marked only by a magnolia tree; that of another President was lost sight of for years, to be re-discovered in the middle of a field. These lie safer than those buried with greater pomp. Lincoln's first tomb, erected at a cost of £40,000, was torn to pieces by the relic-hunters, who broke open the interior to steal the ashes of the murdered President with a view of holding them for ransom. Garfield's sepulchre was guarded night and day for nine years to prevent a similar outrage.

CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM OF GERMANY, following the requirement of the house of Hohenlohe, that each prince must be skilled in some trade, is becoming an adept in wood turning. He surprised his suite by ordering a lathe set up in one of the bedrooms, and recently spending the whole morning in turning out chair legs. He worked in his shirt sleeves, and when the electricity failed he called an adjutant to help him. The adjutant also was in his shirt sleeves and the two men alternated in driving the machine. Emperor William is a cabinetmaker, his father was a bookbinder, and his grandfather was a turner.

Seventh innings. Erick walked. Wotell fanned. Pierce grounded out. Abstein to Sline. Rudolph singled.



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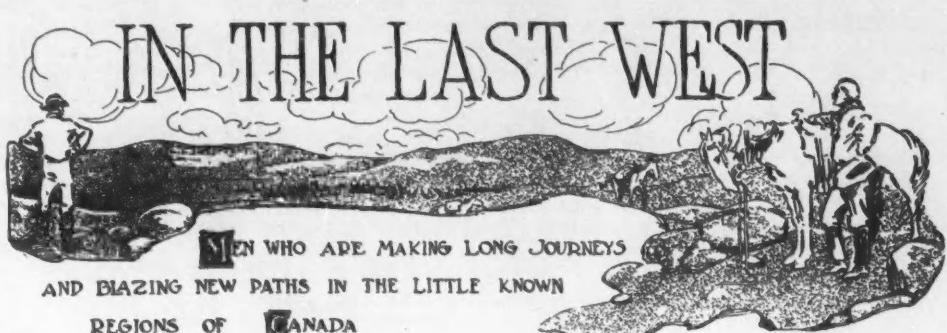
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AND BLAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN
REGIONS OF CANADA

A VALUABLE map of Canada, prepared under the direction of Mr. R. E. Young, D.L.S., Superintendent of Railway Lands, has just been issued by the Department of the Interior. It is designed to show the area surveyed in the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and certain points north of the surveyed area where wheat has been grown. It is very interesting to note that the Department has full and authentic information that wheat has already been successfully raised at the following points, north of the present wheat belt: Fort Simpson, latitude 61.8; Fort Providence, lat. 61.4; Fort Liard, lat. 60.25; Fort Vermilion, lat. 58.4; Fort Chipewyan, lat. 58.3; Fort McMurray, lat. 56.7; Lesser Slave Lake, lat. 55.6; Dunvegan, lat. 55.9; Fort St. John, lat. 56.25; Hudson's Hope, lat. 56; Ile a la Crosse, lat. 55.5; Stanley Mission, lat. 55.5; Cumberland House, lat. 53.9; Norway House, lat. 54; Cross Lake, lat. 54.6, and Nelson House, lat. 55.8.

Edmonton is considerably below latitude 54, and most of the places enumerated are hundreds of miles north of that city.

To give further point to the fact emphasized by the map—that a great country capable of producing wheat lies in the almost unknown north of Canada—an outline representing the Siberian province of Tobolsk is superimposed in its correct position as to latitude. This province, which is practically all north of Edmonton, running up to Kara Sea on the same latitude as Prince Albert Sound, had a population in 1900 of a million and a half. That year it yielded 6,480,000 bushels of wheat, 3,131,358 bushels of rye, 92,916 bushels of barley and 10,617,823 bushels of oats. It also exports yearly \$1,500,000 worth of butter.

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D. R. WILBERT MCINTYRE, member of the House of Commons for Strathcona, Alberta, is one of the best informed parliamentarians at Ottawa on Northwest affairs. In a speech on the immigration question, in the House the other day, he said:

"I would ask the House to reflect for a few moments on what we have to do in this country and the field that lies before us if we are to pay any reasonable regard to the development of our resources. According to the census of 1906 we have only 8,407,927 acres of land under cultivation in the three prairie provinces and 30,502,927 acres were occupied by farms and ranches. There was a surveyed area at that time of 120,488,455 acres. If you examine the statistics you will find that in the same census of 1906 we have 357,016,788 acres of land in these three provinces, and that only 8,000,000 acres are cultivated, leaving 350,000,000 acres uncultivated. But, Mr. Speaker, we are only beginning. As I have said, we have only 8,000,000 acres out of 120,000,000 acres of surveyed land under cultivation. Let us remember that only those portions that are reasonably adjacent to a railway are surveyed, and that it is only on application to the department that certain townships are surveyed. Therefore, the great mass of the land in these new provinces is still unsurveyed, and it is only a few anxious persons who know of its enormous natural resources.

"Why, the other day I saw a photograph of a crude asphalt deposit that was 250 feet high and that would cover 10,000 square acres. That asphalt was the ooze of immense oil deposits underneath. A photograph was also submitted of a bubbling salt well where salt was crystallized to a height of twenty feet. Those of us who are familiar with the northern country know that the soil is underlaid with lignite coal, that bituminous coal is to be found in great quantities, and that practically all the streams are gold bearing. Are we going to stop immigration and allow these vast natural resources to remain dormant? We can support a farming population alone equal to the total population of the United States, and in addition to our wealth of farming land look at the immense natural resources we have and the vast industrial operations that will ensue on the development of these resources because of their proximity to fuel and the

possession of other facilities for their development.

"According to authentic statistics we have 100,000,000 acres of land north and west of the Athabasca river and lake, and I need only mention that the nearest point of the Athabasca river is 100 miles distant from the city of Edmonton. I may also point out that in that 100,000,000 acres of good agricultural land there is practically not any part of it that has been surveyed. There are of course two or three isolated spots where the Hudson Bay Company have built their posts, but I am correct in my general statement that no part of that vast area is surveyed to any appreciable extent. I have confined my remarks to the new provinces and I have not referred to that great province of British Columbia which is known to contain enormous mineral, agricultural and forest wealth. We have vast untold resources; we have vast areas of the most fertile land, and if we can only get people to develop them there is indeed a great future in store for the West.

"We have had in recent years an opportunity to get more people than formerly and what has been the effect of that on eastern Canada? You can explain the immense industrial expansion in eastern Canada and you can explain the tremendous increase in the wealth there in no other way than by pointing to the development of the West.

"You can talk about the budget and you can talk about your tariffs, but the solution of no problem is so important to us to-day as the development of the great natural resources of the West."

• • •

To call the attention of the Dominion Government to what they believe is a deliberate attempt to rob them of lands, a deputation of chiefs representing every tribe of British Columbia coast Indians, will leave Vancouver for Ottawa on May 26, to interview Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The prime mover is Chief Joe Capilano, who, a year or two ago, led a party to London to put their grievances before the King. In reply to questions Chief Joe said that this expedition would be the biggest thing he had ever organized.

"Our lands are being taken all over the coast," he said the other day to a Vancouver reporter, "and when we ask for particulars we are told that the government has given them away. We have held meeting after meeting, and it has been decided to go and see Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There will be 40 chiefs in the party, and they will commence to arrive at Capilano village next month. On May 22, 23, 24 and 25 a big meeting will be held at my house, and on May 26 we will set out for Ottawa, where we hope to get some definite statement on the question of Indian lands."

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T HE programme for this year's work in the surveying of out-lying sections of British Columbia has been practically completed. More of this will be done during the forthcoming summer than has been attempted heretofore, it being the intention of the Provincial Government to obtain accurate and official knowledge of the different promising agricultural valleys to the north as far as possible, in order that settlers may be introduced on a satisfactory basis.

Surveyor-General McKay stated yesterday that surveys would be carried on during the warm season in many parts of the interior of British Columbia. Among the principal agricultural sections to be dealt with are: Blackwater (Cariboo), Lillooet, Nechako, Buckley and Percher Island (south of the townsite of Prince Rupert).

• • •

T HE work of delimiting the boundary between the Dominion and Alaska is about to be resumed by joint survey parties representing the Canadian and United States governments. Two of the Canadian engineers, Messrs. J. D. Craig and J. M. Bates, of Ottawa, are now on their way north, having sailed from Vancouver a few days ago. They will ascend the Stikine river to the scene of their summer's labors. On a tributary of that raging waterway last fall, when on their way out, Mr. Craig's party nearly lost their lives

on account of their boat striking a submerged log, and being shattered to fragments. All the cameras, survey instruments, as well as the photographic plates representing a portion of the official records, were lost. Subsequent efforts shortly after the accident, and again during the season of low water in December, to recover these articles proved unsuccessful. As a result the particular work they were engaged at will have to be done over again. The visitors will shortly be followed by other survey parties. It is expected that it will take at least three years more to complete the surveys to the Arctic ocean.

I T is said that we may, before long, be having western-made lead pencils and electric carbons. A deposit of graphite has been discovered in the Yellowhead, and it has been found to be immensely richer and larger than was at first supposed.

A prospecting party of twelve headed by Mr. R. C. Watson, returned to Edmonton the other day, says The Journal of that city, after a two months' trip to the western wonderland and bring back word that the first reports regarding the graphite deposit did not tell half the truth. They were all true enough, but they fell short of the real magnitude of the discovery, for it was not possible on the former occasion to examine the deposits as closely as has now been done. Greater, larger and richer than was ever dreamed of is the verdict now of the graphite beds in the Yellowhead.

Sixteen claims have been taken out, each 1,500 feet square. On all of these good, thick graphite has been found, and all of much the same excellent quality. There are whole hills of it, 90 to 120 feet high, in places as black as coal. It is a region full of the best graphite, a mineral of great value and in great demand, the only other deposit in Canada being in Quebec.

To make it all the better and all the easier to operate, a fine water-power runs directly through the deposit, a creek thirty feet wide furnishing abundant power for future development.

The rich new find is situated in the Yellowhead, eight miles from the summit and about one hundred yards from the proposed line of the G.T.P. It is about 375 miles from Edmonton.

Editor Saturday Night: A friend called my attention to some remarks made in your columns of May 9, under the caption "In the Last West," regarding pioneer travellers via the Red River to the old settlement upon its banks, now known as the Winnipeg of to-day. It would appear as if it had been claimed for a certain lady that she was the first to arrive by that route in 1871, but that others had been named who, "even as early as 1855 or 1856" had found their way to the Red River settlement either by the waterway of the Red River or across the prairies of Minnesota.

It was in 1851 that my mother and myself, a girl nearly sixteen then, having come by the old Hudson's Bay route to York Fort, travelled by the eight-oared Red River boats to the settlement, and five years afterwards returned to England by the prairie journey, across bogs, swamps and rivers to St. Paul; my mother in a two-wheeled, springless, Red River cart, and myself on horseback, my so-called saddle being usually put upon the first four-legged creature which could conveniently be caught.

In 1852 my elder sister (afterwards the wife of the Governor, Sir Francis G. Johnson) followed us, via Red River and Lake Winnipeg, accompanied by a middle-aged companion, who later on became a school teacher in the Headingley parish to which you allude, until her marriage. These are only a few amongst the names which could be given of pioneer travellers to and from the old settlement several decades before 1871, many of whom long since passed away, but not without leaving their mark upon a country once deemed obscure and unprofitable, but which to-day is Canada's pride and glory.

Faithfully yours,
H. A. BOOMER.
London, Ont.

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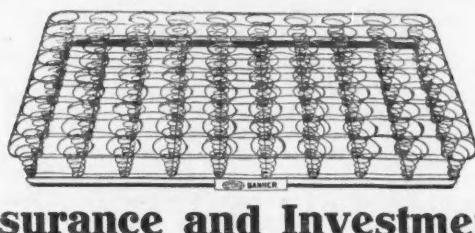
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JUST now is the time for city folk to be getting their window gardens a-growing. You'd never believe what a lot of fun and comfort and pleasure one can get out of a window-box garden of heliotropes and honest red geraniums and a lady-like fuchsia or two and a bunch of musk. Don't turn up the nose of scorn at the latter; it goes very well with a bunch of lobelia, heaven's own blue, and the gadabout creeping vines that should tumble over the edge of the box in a living fringe of green. It takes some knowing to build a good window-box, deep enough to hold the moisture, if need be, for twenty-four hours, though it should be watered night and morning; and thick enough and properly drained, and with a layer of old sods in the beginning and the very best loam on top. Any old clay will never make that close profuse riot of foliage and bloom which make a contented, attractive, healthy-looking window garden. And care—tender, constant, wise care—will be needed; no off-to-the-country-for-the-week-end, and, if you want your flowers to look healthy and happy, no sleepy forgetfulness of the watering-pot when you come home from the picnic to the Humber or the Country Club. The window garden will do you proud if you are good to it. It's a bit of a tyrant after all!

LADY GAY.



The above COUPON always accompany every chronological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Chronological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including signature, and let me assure you will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's space by writing reminders to return for answer. 2. One or two short or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Did you ever hear poor persons commenting upon some misfortune, sorrow or disgrace which had overtaken one of the rich men of your town? And do you recall the tone in which they generally finished their remarks by saying: "Riches can't bring happiness, anyway?" I have often tried to make the proper connection between that remark and the sad state of its object. Riches can do open lots of doors to happiness. It is a happy thing to be care-free, and able to give those one loves a good time, and help those one pitied. Pity seems almost exasperating, sickening, when one hasn't substantial help to offer with it. The sense of impotence is deadly! Riches does bring happiness, unites lives otherwise doomed to drift apart, gives advantages of travel and culture, broadens the outlook and steadies the nature with a sense of power to do what one wants to do. Riches is a good thing. But, of course, the remark above quoted seems to imply that riches guards one from the common chances of life, which is nonsense. The rich child gets the measles with a certainty unexcelled by the veriest gutter-snipe; the rich man's coach and pair gets bumped by the trolley just as neatly as does the peanut-wagon of the patient Dago; the rich man's son gets tangled in his cash just as often as the poor man's son goes to prison for petty larceny. The daughter of the millionaire may be the victim of unrequited affection as easily as Sally in our alley may have her young man go back on her. Riches is a fine thing. We could all do nicely with a lot of it. We could ease our own and others' trials and burdens, make life much more full and interesting, and have much joy and gladness; so that riches can often bring lots of happiness, though it is powerless to guard us from many of the ills to which flesh is heir.

E. G. C.—How are you getting along with the handwriting? Have you got Professor Foli's book on handwriting? If not, get it at Tyrell's. Hope the ones you got were of use to you.

Connie—I thank you very much for the translation of the Irish word. I got a good many answers in a few days. The people who had this paper are very good in forwarding information, when, once in a blue moon, I ask for it. Your handwriting is pure Celt, ardent, impulsive, assertive, pessimistic, friendly, but shy of strange ways and people, with good activity, sequence of ideas, flexibility and animation. Sometimes your thought is over-hasty, and you are averse to reconsidering your ways and words. It is a very bright, attractive and clever hand.

Peter Pan.—You are not a Gemini, being born on the first day of the six days which are called the "Cusp" of Gemini and Cancer, the July signs. Women born under this influence are often coquettish, and liable to consider very lightly the obligations of marriage. They are excessively fond of children and will generally be divorced persons who fought to the death for the custody of their children. They are often very opinionated and self-willed, but when understood make the best of neighbors and friends. They adore show and display, possess great power to attract friends and helpers. Fluent talkers, great readers, superficial reasoners, are many of these Cusps. The genius of the sign is kindness. A conscience seems to be there they are most in need of.

Anglo-Saxon.—November 1 is a fine date. It brings you under Scorpio—a water sign—strong, magnetic, full of power to do and to make others do big things. The most helpful men and women come out of this sign, and the Yogis in India have said that "the world can rejoice every time a Scorpio person is born." They call them the salt of the earth. Are you a telegrapher? or a paperman? To acquire all the knowledge possible, to be an open-air friend, to travel, especially by water, to take plenty of exercise, not to grab for money for money's sake, to take your work calmly and when you like it, and

when you don't, think more of doing it well than of what you will get for it. Don't get angry, uneasy, or disturbed if things are contrary; don't be jealous, envious or suspicious with those you love. Scorpio often breaks up home-life thus. This sign is governed by Mars. I think you are extra cautious, rarely trusting anyone with your affairs; have fine energy and some originality, tact, some credulity, simplicity of taste, appreciation and a rather generous nature. What is in store for you? Plenty of life and its good things.

Marion.—Thanks for the good wishes, they have a sort of perfume of roses, I fancy, from far California. Your birthday, April 2nd, brings you under Aries, the leading sign of the twelve; fire is your element, and this sign is looked upon with great favor by astrologers. Your success in any enterprise depends on tremendous push and systematic effort. Knowledge and culture are of great use to an Aries, also the most kind, affable and generous way of meeting others. A surly Aries is almost a monstrosity. Your writing is refined, sensitive, full of feeling, and very open to impressions. It looks both good and wise to me. No touch of grossness would be possible to you; you are fond of an active life and exercise. I trust you can enjoy both. There is a delicate keenness of observation and much fancy and imagination suggested. You should be a good dreamer and very susceptible to all the psychic influences.

Rufus.—Tip us your flipper, you nice man from way down East! So glad to read the little screeds. I just love the whole coast—Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and all—but my heart of hearts is for the Tenth Island! Man, but it's the deer spot! Benenes and fish-eaters, cod-haulers or whatever else the profane west may call you, one of you is worth two of any man who has never learned the way of the sea! Well, you'd like your character? May 21 brings you on the Cusp of Taurus-Gemini. Persons so born are remarkably gifted; brains and hands work in harmony; they are thinkers, artisans, artists, orators and inventors. Until they learn self-government they are extreme in moods, full of hope or tragic with despair. When the men are not cultured and restrained, they are careless in manner and speech, and very trying to refined folk. There is much feeling and susceptibility in your lines; prudence, also, and practical purpose, no longing for power, a careful, punctual, orderly method, frank, honest and ignorant of finesse or diplomacy. A hopeful, somewhat ceremonious and sweet-tempered person, with a rather good opinion of himself.

'Appy 'Ampsted.—If I'm a good judge, it indicates that you have yet much to learn by time and experience. I don't think you are developed enough to delineate.

Roderick.—I don't in the least pretend to tell the sex of every study. Some I am sure about, others doubtful, and some are absolutely sexless. Awfully sorry I spoke to the lady as if she were a man. How horribly dreadful for her! Poor thing! But then, I generally speak quite nicely to men—it's the women who get a slap mostly. Your writing points to mental confusion in some degree. Your brain is stored but not sorted. You have concentration and a certain narrowness. It is hard for you to be broad, generous and forgiving without feeling a pain somewhere. There is ability, frankness and exceeding energy shown, with a hint of extravagance and a good eye to effect. You like things done well, and are determined and positive. Your birthday brings you on the Cusp of Virgo-Libra, a very charming combination, reserve and enthusiasm, love of out-doors, etc.

LORD SIDMOUTH, while Speaker and close friend of Pitt, was dining with him at Beaconsfield, in September, 1791, when Burke was earnestly representing the danger which threatened England from the contagion of French principles.

Pitt said: "Never fear, Mr. Burke, depend on it we shall go on as we are till the day of judgment."

"Very likely, sir," replied Mr. Burke; "it is the day of judgment that I am afraid of."

THE WEEK-END IDEA.

There are scores of places on the C. P. R. where you can rest up over Sunday, renew your energy for next week, and easily get back to business Monday. Summer is almost with us and perhaps you hanker for the grip of a fishing-rod or a paddle. Try a week-end in Muskoka—special Saturday-to-Monday excursion rates apply to Muskoka as well as to over hundred points nearer Toronto.

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FOR the second week of its summer season at the Royal Alexandra Theatre the Imperial Opera Company will, commencing next Monday night, offer the dainty comic opera, "Dolly Varden."

This is the opera which served to introduce Miss Lulu Glaser as a star; it was produced originally at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, and was used by Miss Glaser for three consecutive seasons. During that time Mr. Harry Girard, the principal baritone of the Imperial Opera Company, appeared in the role of Dick Belleville and remained as Miss Glaser's leading juvenile. He will be heard here in his original part.

"Dolly Varden" is a comic opera in two acts, the book being by Stanislaus Strange and the music by Julian Edwardes. It has been conceded that "Dolly Varden" was a most fitting vehicle for Miss Glaser's introduction as a star. Since Miss Glaser's defection from the role, the opera has had several indifferent productions by various road companies, but judging by the standard of excellence set by the Imperial Opera Company's offering in "San

cales, the boundless opportunities of the seventeenth century for costume effects, and the daintiness of its story and characters all conspire to make for success. And aside from these qualifications the twenty odd musical numbers have been whistled and sung time and again and always seem to please.

In its comic opera guise, the story of "Dolly Varden" relates the adventures of an unsophisticated and charming young country girl in London. Demure and dainty, the embodiment of unconscious grace and radiant beauty, she comes to the English city, fresh from the odor of green fields, accompanied by Jack Fairfax, her guardian, to attend the wedding of his sister, Lady Letitia Fairfax, who is the reigning belle of the fashionable season of the English metropolis. Dolly falls in with the smart set of London and soon loses her rustic charm of manner. She rapidly acquires modish ways, and during one of her wild escapades meets and falls in love with Dick Belleville, a handsome and manly young officer of His Majesty's Infantry. The story is probably too well known to theatregoers for de-

The daughter of the judge returns from Europe just as the blow has fallen, and finding her father disgraced and in poverty takes the matter in her own hands and with the aid of Ryder's son, Jefferson, who has fallen in love with her, and who is averse to his father's questionable schemes, she goes to the Ryder home and under an assumed name interests herself in the writing of John Burkett Ryder's biography. Finding in the girl much to interest him he confides in her and wins his confidence to such an extent that he finally asks her to become the wife of his son, Jefferson; for, knowing as he does that Jefferson is in love with the daughter of his enemy, Judge Rossmore, he believes he will offset that marriage by marrying his son to the supposed author of his biography, Miss Green. Shirley Rossmore's love for Jefferson, however, will not permit of further deception and she tells John Burkett Ryder that she, Shirley Green, is the real Shirley Rossmore, when in a fit of anger Ryder orders her from his house. Whereupon she denounces him, refusing to marry the son of a man who will not lift his hand to save her father's honor. This leads to interesting complications and a pleasant denouement.

Mr. Harris has selected for the presentation of this piece an excellent cast, with Walter Edwards in the character of John Burkett Ryder, and Miss Edith Barker in the role of Shirley Rossmore.

Lillian Russell will appear in her racing comedy, "Wildfire," at the Princess Theatre week after next. The production will no doubt prove a highly popular race-week attraction. Miss Russell's former engagement at the Princess in this play was only for a half week, and the return engagement, especially when the Ontario Jockey Club's meet at the Woodbine is in progress, will, it may be expected, prove a very successful one.

The end of the Toronto dramatic season is in sight. At the Princess, following the Lillian Russell engagement, Roselle Knott will appear in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," with which production the high-class theatre over which Mr. O. B. Sheppard presides will close its regular season—a remarkably successful one.

Hal Davis & Co., in a spectacular one-act play entitled, "A Race for A Wife," will be the headliner at Shea's Theatre next week, and the bill is a fine one, including Felix and Claire in "Just Kids"; Vernon, the ventriloquist; the Sandwinas, Petching Bros.; Geo. Whiting and the Melnotte Twins; Martinetti and Sylvester, and the kinograph.

It is reasonably safe to assume that "Dolly Varden" will be better sung and acted than has been its fate here since Miss Glaser's last engagement.

As is probably well known to theatregoers, "Dolly Varden" is the comic opera story of David Garrick's famous comedy, "The Country Girl," although it should not be confused with the musical comedy called "A Country Girl," which was produced by the Augustin Daly musical company and which will also be produced at the Royal Alexandra by the Imperial Opera Company shortly.

Garrick's "The Country Girl" in turn was an expurgated version of Wycherly's "The Country Wife," which was produced at the Theatre Royal, London, in 1675, but despite the fact that Charles II. showered favors upon Wycherly for his suggestive writings, the play did not succeed and was withdrawn after a short life.

In 1766 David Garrick cleansed the manuscript of its objectionable features and characters, eliminating all of the suggestive lines and incidents, and under the title of "The Country Girl" it enjoyed a prosperous run at the Drury Lane Theatre. The comedy was not seen again until the late Augustin Daly made his notable production in New York with Ada Rehan in the title part. It was again revived this season by Miss Henrietta Crofton with great success.

As this comedy has served so often to display the talents of really clever players, it is only reasonable to assume that its story must be of more than ordinary merit, so that its evolution into comic opera was as successful as its previous uses. The picturesque environment of its lo-

tated description, although it is always a welcome offering on the stage as clean, wholesome and entertaining.

Miss Elgie Bowen in the title role should not fail to appear to advantage, as her pleasing personality and dainty grace are well suited to the role. Harry Girard, in his original role of Dick Belleville; Hallen Mostyn, as Jack Fairfax; Clarence Harvey, as Lord Gayspark; Rudolph Koch, as Captain Harcourt; Geo. LeSoir, as Lieut. Cragsby; Edward Earle, as Lieut. Marlow; Violet Colby, as Letitia Fairfax; Adelaide Manola, as Lady Lucette; and Laura Butler, as Lady Alice, are all happily cast for their respective roles.

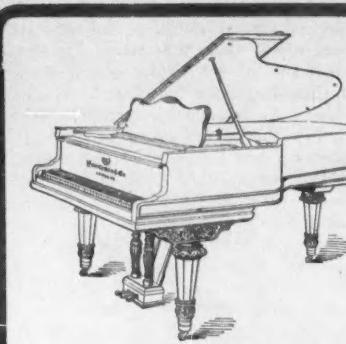
A strong chorus and an augmented orchestra—which is now permanently installed at the Royal Alexandra—will be features of the production.

Next week, at the Princess Theatre, Charles Klein's drama, "The Lion and the Mouse," will be presented by a capable company under the direction of Henry B. Harris. In this play, which has been given here before, the greed of capitalists is made the background for a love story. The story, it will be remarked, is pretty thoroughly American in tone.

A judge, after long and faithful service on the bench, has been impoverished, his honesty questioned and his position placed in jeopardy, through his having given a decision which was unfavorable to the great amalgamated interests of John Burkett Ryder and his fellows. His uprightness, which has been a thorn in the side of the capitalists, has induced them to resort to a scheme which will dishonor and depose him.



Harry Girard
Who will sing his original role of Dick Belleville in "Dolly Varden" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.



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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



THE Toronto Press Club gave three performances last week at the Royal Alexandra Theatre of the well-known musical comedy, "Three Little Maids." The production was rather an ambitious attempt on the part of the organization, but the players acquitted themselves admirably and gave quite an enjoyable performance. The principal part, of Lord Cheyne, which was given so unique a portrayal by Mr. Huntley on the occasion of its first presentation here, was taken by Mr. Douglas Paterson, who gave a characterization that was original in many ways, and one noteworthy for its sangfroid and well-assumed eccentricity. Mr. R. S. Pigott was brisk and volatile as the Frenchman, M. de L'Orme, and, moreover, sang his music in excellent voice and with finished style. The three little maids were impersonated by the Misses Lilly Lorell, Bessie Hunter and Nellie May Stewart, who made quite a popular hit by their seeming guilelessness and their pretty singing. Miss Brenda Smellie made a very favorable impression as Lady St. Mallory, as much by her acting as by her pleasing singing. One might also mention Mr. Morgan Williams in the role of Brian Molynex, who agreeably surprised the audience by his fine voice and lyrical style. For the rest the support was generally good; the staging was attractive and the augmented orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Nicolai, played the accompaniments unobtrusively and efficiently. I understand that the club netted quite a handsome profit.

The following petition, purporting to have been signed by the male members of a church choir in Woodstock and presented to the choir leader, has been sent us for publication in the hope, no doubt, that it may be helpful to others who suffer similarly: "We, the undersigned male members of the choir do hereby petition the esteemed leader of the choir, that: Whereas, we are deprived of the pleasure of seeing the minister while he is preaching; and whereas, we are unable to see the members of the congregation, and, whereas, the daylight is shut out and we are ruining our eyesight, and, whereas, we have gone to considerable expense in purchasing new garments, clean shaves and having our moustaches curled and other improvements made in our appearance and all to no avail and whereas, the 'Merry Widow' hats have caused us great annoyance, therefore we would urge upon you any one of the following remedies: (1) Have those hats off; or, (2) have windows in them; or, (3) raise the rear seats; or (4) allow us to occupy the front seat; or (5) the minister be put upon a step ladder."

A song recital will be given by pupils of Mrs. Alfred Jury at the Normal School theatre on Tuesday evening, May 19, at eight o'clock. Pupils who will take part are: Misses Lillie C. L. Moore, Violet Moore, Alwilda Hill, Lillian Townsley, Ada Whaley, Virginia Egan, Muriel Bickell, Ada A. Rundle, Ethel Switzer, Helen Fisher, Florence M. Huntley and Messrs N. H. Belding and H. C. Sparling. Invitations may be had at the Bell piano warerooms, 146 Yonge street.

On Saturday afternoon, May 9, a recital was given at the Toronto College of Music, by pupils of F. H. Torrington, Mus. Doc. The programme was: (Piano), Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso, Ethel Sharpe; Rheinhold, Impromptu in C sharp minor, Helena Slaght; Weber, Invitation to Valse; Mendelssohn, Concerto in G minor; Dvorak-Slavische Tanze, Cecilia Riddell; Kuhau, Sonatina, Sophia Durke; Chopin, Ballade, Op. 23, Estelle Slater; Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2; Wagner-Bendel, Walters' Prize Song; Mendelssohn, Caprice Brillante, Olive Blain; (Vocal), Gounod, "O Divine Redeemer," Penelope Young; Torrente, "Show me Thy Ways"; Deborah Caldwell; Spohr, "Rose softly Blooming"; Handel, "O Had I Jubal's Lyre"; Olive Casey; Schubert, "Who is Sylvia?"; Gounod, "When to Thy Vision," Mrs. Hopkins; Verdi, "Ah fors e lui," Margaret Casey.

The last of a series of recitals by pupils of Mr. W. E. Fairclough was given by Miss Emily Hughes, last Monday evening, in the hall of the Toronto College of Music, before a large audience. Miss Hughes played an exacting programme of compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein, in which her warm musical temperament combined with adequate technical attainments, served to give a very satisfying performance of the various numbers. Assistance was given by Mrs. E. J. Hopkins, contralto, a pupil of Dr. Torrington, and Miss Geraldine Hartwell, violinist, a pupil of Mr. Branciere.

The organ recital at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, by pupils of Mr. J. W. T. Harrison, on May 11, was given before an unusually large audience and was an occasion of unique interest. Mr. Harry Coram in Smart's brilliant march in G; Mr. Harvey Robb in Bach's D minor Toccata; Mr. Parry in Marche Solemnelle, by Lemare, and Mr. H. Freeman in Mendelssohn's 1st Sonata, all exhibited great mastery of their difficult instrument, each number being warmly encored. Miss

Pearl Nesbett contributed Merkel's Christmas Pastoral, and Miss Luella Hall, two splendid selections, Rossini's exacting overture to William Tell and Hollins' Concert Rondo in B flat, proving herself to be an organist of first-class ability. All the numbers performed reflected the greatest credit on Mr. Harrison, and altogether the recital formed one of the most interesting of the season. Miss Elsie Burkholder, pupil of Mr. T. H. Burt, revealed a rich contralto voice in her "Song of Sunshine," and Miss Katherine Howard and Mr. Harry Morden also gave vocal selections in capital style. Mrs. H. W. Parker and Mr. Lautz accompanied.

The splendid development of a Canadian school of piano playing, which is one of the outstanding features of our musical life, has perhaps had no better recent illustration than in the fine recital given at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week by Miss Jessie Allen, one of the most brilliant of a group of talented soloists who have been prepared for the concert platform by Dr. A. S. Vogt. Miss Allen's programme was one of exceptional merit and contained numbers well calculated to tax the technical and musical resources of even the most experienced virtuoso. In the Grieg Concerto, op. 16, Miss Allen displayed a breadth of style and an artistic grasp of the various movements which aroused the most enthusiastic applause of those present. The bristling difficulties of the Smetana Etude, "By the Seashore," and Sapellnikoff's extremely exacting and characteristic "Elfentanz" were overcome with remarkable ease and abandon. Poldini's dainty Marche Mignonne, Chopin's charming C sharp minor Etude, op. 25, No. 7, and the same composer's brilliant C minor Etude, op. 10, No. 12 completed a strong and well-contrasted group, in which the young artist displayed an impressive beauty of tone and a marked charm and virility of style. Brahms' fine Scherzo, op. 4 and Pabst's dazzling virtuoso transcription of themes from Tschaikovski's, "Eugen Onegin," closed a programme of unusual comprehensiveness, and which, played as it was, entirely from memory, represented a triumphant artistic achievement, of which the young artist may well be proud. In the Grieg concert Miss Allen had the assistance of Miss Ada J. F. Toohy, another gifted pianist who is pursuing her studies under the same master.

A vocal recital by Miss Margaret Casey, assisted by Miss Olive Scholey, Mr. J. D. Richardson, Mr. Albert Perrin, Miss Alma Clarke and Mr. Arthur E. Semple, Flautist, will be given in the theatre of the Normal School on Monday evening, May 18th.

A piano recital was given at The Toronto College of Music, on Monday evening, by one of Mr. W. E. Fairclough's most talented pupils, Emily Hughes, assisted by Mrs. E. J. Hopkins, contralto, pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, and Geraldine Hartwell, violinist pupil of Mr. Paul Branciere. Notwithstanding the rain a large audience assembled to hear and enjoy Miss Hughes' interesting programme, in which she acquitted herself admirably, showing to advantage in the selections which she played with clarity of touch and musicianly spirit. The programme was as follows: Piano, (a) Bach, Prelude and Fugue in C major; (b) Beethoven, Andante in F; (c) Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp, op. 15, No. 2; (a) Mendelssohn, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso; (b) Liszt, Liebestraum in E flat; Rubinstein, Vals Caprice in E flat; Mozart, Concerto in E flat, first movement; (Reinecke Cadenza) Orchestral accompaniment on second piano played by Mr. W. E. Fairclough; Vocal—Schubert, "Who is Sylvia?"; Gounod, "When to Thy Vision," Mrs. Hopkins; Verdi, "Ah fors e lui," Margaret Casey.

Miss Valborg Martine Zollner, a talented and clever pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, gave a piano recital in the Hall of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, on Monday evening last, 7th May, before a large and appreciative audience. Miss Zollner possesses the requirements which are necessary to make a notable pianist. She is but a slip of a girl yet her work would bear comparison with many of our mature artists. The young lady gave an exhibition of technical brilliancy and proved her versatility in the diversified programme presented on that occasion. Further, Miss Zollner displayed remarkable command over her instrument. In the pianissimo and fortissimo passages her delicacy of touch and amazing power were clearly in evidence, while she revealed an intelligent conception of the compositions she played. Prom-

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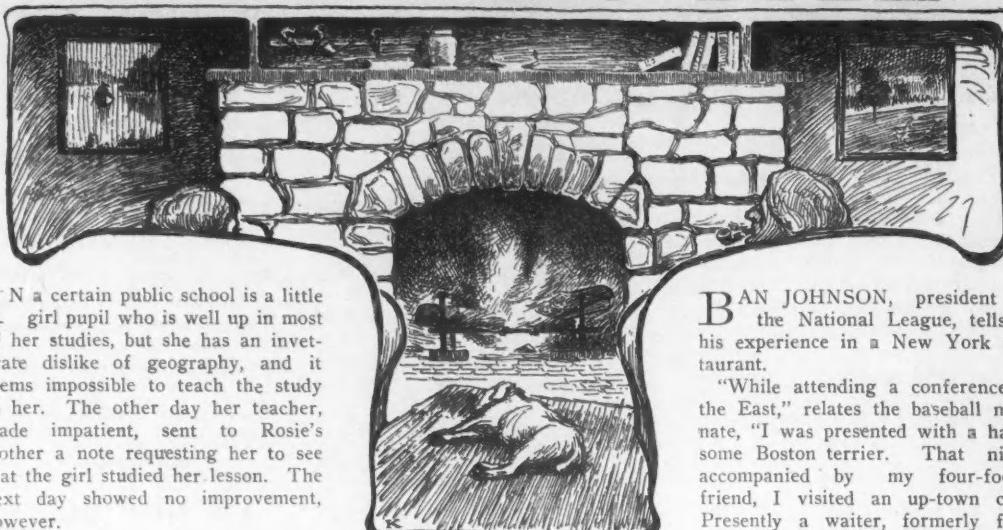
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ANECDOTAL



In a certain public school is a little girl pupil who is well up in most of her studies, but she has an inveterate dislike of geography, and it seems impossible to teach the study to her. The other day her teacher, made impatient, sent to Rosie's mother a note requesting her to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next day showed no improvement, however.

"And did your mother read the note, Rosie?" said the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"What did she say?"

"My mother said that she didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' you know geography, an' you didn't get married."

ON the forenoon, at his own house, Fox was talking very earnestly about Dryden, when he suddenly recollects that (being in office) he ought to make his appearance at the King's levee. It was so late that, not having time to change his dress, he set off for Buckingham House, "accoutred as he was"; and when somebody remarked to him that his coat was not quite the thing, he replied:

"No matter; he (i.e. George the Third) is so blind that he can't distinguish what I have on."

HERE was no end to Foote's jokes about Carrick's parsimony. At the Chapter Coffee House, Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor fellow (a decayed player, I believe), who was nicknamed the Captain of the Four Winds, because his hat was worn into four spouts. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat, as it was held out to him.

"If Carrick hears of this," said Foote, "he will certainly send us his hat."

SAMUEL ROGERS once said: Most people are ever on the watch to find fault with their children, and are afraid of praising them for fear of spoiling them. Now, I am sure that nothing has a better effect on children than praise.

I had a proof of this in Moore's daughter: he used always to say to her, "What a good little girl!" and she continued to grow more and more good, till she became too good for this world and died.

VEDALE PRICE once chose to stay so long at my house (said Samuel Rogers in his "Table Talk") that I began to think he would never go away, so one day I ingeniously said to him:

"You must not leave me before the end of the week; if you insist on going after that, you may; but certainly not before."

And at the end of the week he did go.

OF the Duke of Wellington's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood used to give this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said: "It will soon be all over with us."

"Very well," answered the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

“A FRIEND of mine,” said Ernestine, “was suffering from a continual weariness and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly: they dressed him in a watchman’s coat, put a lantern in his hand, placed him in a sentry-box—and he was asleep in ten minutes.”

SUCH (said Samuel Rogers) is the eagerness of the human mind for excitement—for an event—that people generally have a sort of satisfaction in reading the deaths of their friends in the newspapers. I don’t mean that a man would not be shocked to read there the death of his child, or of his dearest friend; but that he feels a kind of pleasure in reading that of an acquaintance, because it gives him something to talk about to everybody on whom he may have to call during the day.

DUNNING (afterwards Lord Ashburton) was remarkably ugly. One night, while he was playing whist at Nando's, with Horne Tooke and two others, Lord Thurlow called at the door and desired the waiter to give a note to Dunning (with whom, though their politics were so different, he was very intimate). The waiter did not know Dunning by sight.

“Take the note upstairs,” said Thurlow, “and deliver it to the ugliest man at the card table—to him who most resembles the knave of spades.”

The note immediately reached its destination. Horne Tooke used often to tell this anecdote.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON DICKENS, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, is a member of Parliament in Australia. Not long ago, in the course of a speech, he was frequently interrupted by a snap-pish member named Willis.

“Mr. Speaker,” said Mr. Dickens, turning to the chair, “it may be remembered by some present that my father coined an expression which attained some popularity—‘Barkis is willin’’. The circumstances to-day are such that I am strongly tempted to reverse the phrase and say, ‘Willis is barkin’.’”

The retort was effective.

ELBERT HUBBARD says he was nearing the end of a lecture before one thousand attentive inmates of a State insane asylum, when an old woman came down the aisle, waving her arms frantically and screaming: “My God! I can’t stand this nonsense any longer.”

“That,” said the superintendent to Mr. Hubbard, “is the first sign she has shown of returning sanity.”

A TRAVELLER waited at a certain English provincial town in vain for the much over-due train on the branch line. Again he approached the solitary sleepy-looking porter and inquired for the twentieth time: “Isn’t that train coming soon?”

At that moment a dog came trotting up the line, and a glad smile illuminated the official’s face.

“Ah, yes, sir,” replied the porter. “It’ll be getting near now. Here comes the engine-driver’s dog.”

THE latest story of German “thrift” is told at the expense of the proprietor of a circulating library, who charged for the wear and tear suffered by his books at the hands of his patrons. One volume came back to his scrutiny.

“See here,” he exclaimed, “there is a hole on page nineteen of my beautiful book. And see here,” he went on, turning over the leaf, “there is another on page twenty.”

UPON moving into a new neighborhood the small boy of the family was cautioned not to fight with his new acquaintances. One day Willie came home with a black eye and very much spattered with dirt.

“Why, Willie,” said Mamma, “I thought I told you to count a hundred before you fought!”

“I did, mamma,” said Willie, “and look what Tommy Smith did while I was counting!”

MARK TWAIN, in the course of the recent Pilgrims’ dinner in New York, talked of his pet aversion.

“Christian Science,” he said, “reminds me of the apple cure for drunkenness. In Hannibal, in my boyhood, the apple cure was very highly esteemed. I remember once hearing the Hannibal town drunkard exclaim on the apple cure.”

“You believe in it, then, do you, Hank?” a listener asked.

“Believe in it? How can I help believin’ in it?” the drunkard said excitedly. “Ain’t it cured me eight times?”

BAN JOHNSON, president of the National League, tells of his experience in a New York restaurant.

“While attending a conference in the East,” relates the baseball magnate, “I was presented with a handsome Boston terrier. That night, accompanied by my four-footed friend, I visited an up-town cafe. Presently a waiter, formerly from Chicago accosted me, and announced: ‘No dogs allowed. You’ll have to take him out.’

“Come, come, old man,” I replied; “he’s offending no one.”

“Can’t serve people who have dogs, I tell you!” continued the waiter wrathfully, collecting an armful of dishes from an adjoining table. “You’ll have to get out!”

“Just then a friend of mine dropped in, and said in a cheery tone, ‘Well, well, Ban, glad to see you! How’s baseball?’

Before I had time to reply, I was startled by the crashing of dishes. Turning quickly I beheld the waiter rushing toward me with outstretched hands.

“Hel-lo, Ban!” he exclaimed, cordially, slapping me on the back; “Did’n’t know you! What’ll you have? —what’ll the dog have?”

NEW minister had come to the parish, and was being duly appraised by the parochial critics. One of his elders—an old farmer—met a crony in Edinburgh market, and discussed the clerical acquisition over a friendly glass.

“Ay, an’ whatna kin’ o’ man is he likely to be?” queried the one, who was from a neighboring parish.

“Weel,” was the deliberate reply, “he’s nae great things in the poopit; but they say he’s a deevil to dance. There was a party the ither nicht, an’ my dother tells me the minister wast the best dancer in the room. Man, I’m jaloosin’ that he’s been dedicated at the wrang end.”

WEN Helen, aged four, for the first time accompanied her mother to church she was given some money for the collection-box. It was carefully explained to her that this money was “for the poor.”

Helen sat patiently through perhaps a third of the service, when she started her mother by rattling the coins between her cupped hands and inquiring in loud voice, “Mamma, when are the poor coming round? My eight cents is getting all hot and sticky!”

ONE morning recently a suburban resident looked over his fence and said to his neighbor:

“Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole?”

“Oh,” he said, “I am just replanting some of my seeds; that’s all.”

“Seeds!” shouted the first man angrily. “It looks like one of my hens.”

“Oh, that’s all right,” the other returned. “The seeds are inside.”

MRS. GRAHAM is an estimable lady whose hobby is house decoration. One day the lady was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her.

The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what had happened, dryly remarked to her:

“Mrs. Graham, there’s such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far.”

ONE night, as a doctor who lives in Eastern Ontario was driving into a village, he saw a chap, a little the worse for liquor, amusing a crowd of spectators with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor watched him a while and said:

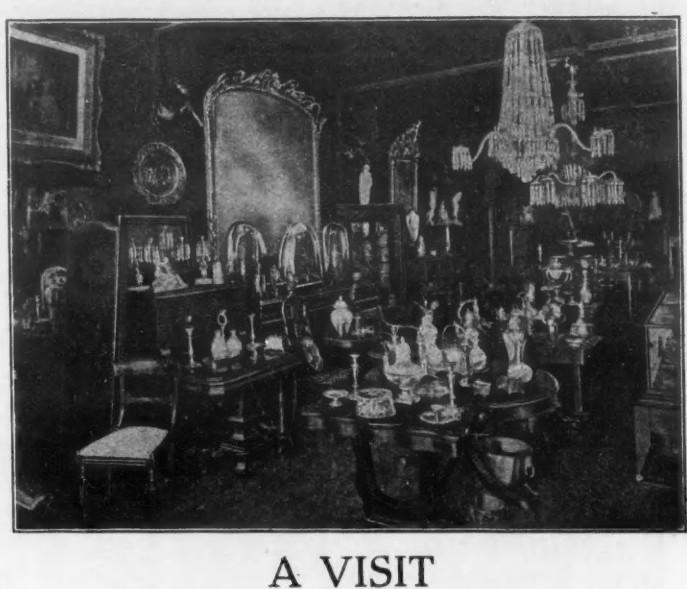
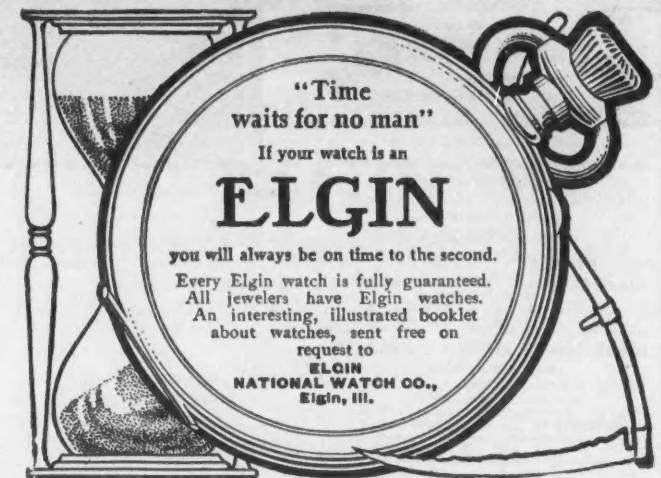
“Sandy, how do you manage to train your dog? I can’t teach mine to do anything.” Sandy, with the simple look in his eyes, so common in some rustics, said: “Well, you see, Doc, you have to know more’n him not’ing.”

WHEN the largest firm of wine merchants in London first started they sent Lord Derby a dozen of sherry, which they represented as being a specific for the gout, to which the prime minister was a martyr. The Lord of Knowsley replied:

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE death of Mrs. Walter Sterling which occurred quite suddenly from a stroke of paralysis last week, has removed from a devoted family and a large circle of friends a most estimable and lovable woman. Mrs. Sterling was born in Toronto over half a century ago, and except for a few years of her early married life has resided here always. She married Mr. Sterling, Chief Accountant, City Treasurer's Department, thirty-four years ago, and leaves her husband and three daughters, Amy G., Irene and Muriel, to mourn their irreparable loss. Mrs. Sterling belonged to the Sherbourne street Methodist church, in which she was a valued and tireless worker in every good thing. Her lovely and cheery Christianity had expression in a life of usefulness in which she always carried out her belief that "Whatever is, is best."

His Excellency and Lady Sybil Grey came to town on Tuesday for the Military Tournament, and were the guests of His Honor and Lady Clark at Government House.

The marriage of Miss Helen Maud Parsons, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, and Mr. William Ernest Read, of Saskatoon, took place on Monday afternoon at half-past one o'clock, in St. Luke's church, Rev. Charles Darling, cousin of the bride, assisted by the rector, Rev. Hamilton Dicker, being the officiating clergy. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and wore an ivory satin gown veiled in lace, a l'Empire, tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower of roses and lily of the valley. Miss Kate Parsons, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Eileen Kertland, a niece, was maid of honor, both being gowned in pink embroidered mouseline, with lace and satin trimmings and lace hats with plumes. Their bouquets were of pink roses. Mr. R. T. Lake, M.P., of Ottawa, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. W. Parsons and Mr. C. W. Pangman. After the marriage Mrs. Parsons held a reception at the family residence in St. Vincent street, which was decorated with palms and pink roses, where the guests, almost all relatives and connections of the bride and groom, congratulated them and enjoyed the dejeuner, admiring the many beautiful gifts sent to the happy bride. Mr. and Mrs. Read left in the afternoon for Saskatoon, the latter wearing a natty travelling costume of grey tweed, and hat with pink roses. Mrs. La Fetre, of New York, was up for her sister's wedding and looked very well in mauve, crepe de soie, and tuscan hat trimmed with mauve.

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Edith Stout, third daughter of Mr. W. S. Stout, and Mr. Albert Henry Montgomery, son of the late R. J. Montgomery, took place on Tuesday at three o'clock, in the drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Stout's apartment in St. George mansions. Rev. Frederick G. Plummer, of St. Augustine's, was the officiating clergyman, a very old friend of the groom's family, having been associated in banking with the father of the bridegroom before he studied for Holy Orders. The rooms and corridor were beautifully decorated for the happy event; in the former pink roses and hydrangea and feathery ferns were profusely used, and in the latter huge stands of deep crimson roses shed perfume through the summery air. For it was a really hot summer day, and the clouds of the morning banished in a glory of sunshine about the hour of the bridal. An arch of roses, ferns and hydrangea was built over an alcove, and a white satin kneeling stool set in readiness for the bride and groom. Mrs. Stout received the guests at the entrance to the drawing-room, and when they were all assembled, the ribbon-bearers made an aisle through the dining-room to the alcove, where the clergyman awaited the bridal party, and Mr. Stout led his handsome daughter to her place beside the waiting groom and his brother, who acted as best man. Miss Helen Stout, the youngest of the sisters, was bridesmaid, and the small daughters of the elder sisters, Mrs. Brennan of Hamilton and Mrs. Downes, were flower-girls. The bride wore a very smart and becoming costume of dull blue, with modish high crowned hat in the same shade trimmed with black plumes. Her gold chain and jewel of pearls and emeralds was the groom's wedding present. A bouquet of large cream white roses with cascades of lily of the valley and ties of white satin ribbon was the finishing touch to a toilette which accented the beauty of the girlish bride. The maid of honor wore an exquisite green tissue striped dress with patterns of Persian panels, and a large upturned hat wreathed with French flowers in pink and green, and a huge cluster of pink sweet peas formed her bouquet. Her souvenir from the bridegroom was a gold chain and pearl pendant. Little Louise Downes and Sarah Brennan were in fussy white net frockies and lettuce green satin girdle sashes and hair bows, and carried white fancy baskets brimming with pink sweet peas and lily of the valley. Their souvenirs were gold bar-pins set with pearls. The groom and best man wore boutonnieres of pink sweet peas and lily of the valley. After the ceremony, the dejeuner was served from a lovely buffet in the dining-room, the big wedding cake standing in a forest of white roses, lilies and green. D'Alesandra's orchestra played while the bride entered the room and afterwards during the reception. Rev. G. F. Plummer proposed the health of the bride and groom, Mr. Montgomery responded and gave the bride-maid, when the best man returned the compliment by proposing the bride's parents, and Mr. Stout proposed the groom's mother, also his grand-parents, who were enjoying the gay scene from a quiet corner. The wedding presents were arranged in an adjoining room, and included the usual assortment of handsome glass, silver and china. A brass table bookcase was filled with good reading, the fruit of a "book shower," an original idea given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bull, connections of the bride's family. A handsome red Russia leather recipe book, filled with secrets of the good things mother used to make, was the gift of sprightly Miss Madelle Pearson, and Mr. Bull had penned an apt rhyming dedication in his presentation volume. While the final preparations were being made for the departure of the bridal couple, the young men friends of these two were busily decorating the closed carriage in which they were to drive to the station with big and little red hearts in garlands and singly, and when the bride and groom appeared they were rushed to this tell-tale coach, snugly shut in, and then half-covered with parti-colored confetti, until the air rang with merry laughter. The younger guests motored and drove to the station and gave Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery a joyous and enthusiastic send-off. Some of the gay party were Mr. and Mrs. Brennan of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Meyers and Miss Stout, uncle and aunts of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bull, Mr. Edwin Pearson, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Miss Shaw, grandparents and grand-aunt of the groom; Miss Murray, Mr. Kleiser, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Doris Suckling, Mr. Band, Mr. Meyers, Miss Eve Haney, Mr. and Mrs. Downes, Mrs. Davidson, of Peterboro, and her daughter, Mrs. Waldsinger, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, and others to the number of about three score. Mrs. Stout wore a wedgewood blue gown with blue lace guimpe and sleeves, in which she looked very well. Mrs. Montgomery wore a pale fawn costume, beautifully embroidered, and a quiet toque with flowers.

The danse costume which was to have been held in La Plaza Art Galleries last evening has, owing to various reasons, and the illness of some of the members been postponed until the autumn.

The fete in aid of the establishment of a home for working women in Toronto has been on this week in St. James' school house. The luncheons and high teas have been an attraction to many, and the flower booth and others have done a good business.

Mr. Stanley Thompson, of St. Vincent street, has returned from Cuba.

The deplorable carriage accident of Monday, resulting in serious injury to Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, of Llawhaden, very much shocked their many friends. At time of writing all that money and skill could do was engaged in their care, and everyone hoped to hear of their speedy recovery. The carriage collided with a southbound car in Yonge street at Gerrard, was upset and ladies and coachman thrown to the pavement, the horses running away the full length of the crowded street and being only stopped at Front street. Both ladies were injured about the head, and the elder was taken unconscious.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker are giving a reception for Mrs. Humphrey Ward, at their beautiful home in St. George street this evening.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Parlange, of New Orleans, and Mr. Joseph S. Lee, son of Mr. W. R. Lee, King street east, Toronto, was celebrated the other evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Charles Parlange, in Valence street. Owing to mourning in the family of

the bride the wedding guests were limited to the near relatives of both families and the most intimate friends. The wedding, however, was of much interest in exclusive social circles, Miss Parlange having been a great favorite in the younger set. She was one of the prettiest and most attractive young women of her debut year, and was greatly admired at all functions that season. The Parlange's home was profusely decorated with palms and ferns and clusters of roses and lilies. The bride entered the drawing-room, where the ceremony took place, with her grandfather, Mr. Arthur Denis, who gave her away. She was lovely in a rich bridal dress made of real lace, formerly belonging to her grandmother, and worn with a long veil of illusion. She carried a cluster of white roses and fern. The bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Harry McCall, awaited her coming by the side of the officiating priest, Rev. Father Biever, S.J. The bride's attendants were her sister, Miss Evelyn Parlange, as maid of honor, and Miss Lillian Lee, of Toronto, Canada, a sister of the bridegroom. They both wore lovely gowns in soft white, with lace trimmings, and carried shower bouquets of white and pink sweet peas arranged with fern and ribbon streamers. The young couple left on a bridal trip and on their return will reside in Louisiana for about a year, where Mr. Lee has business interests.

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We lately received some new shipments, and have now ready for your inspection some of the nicest and most stylish models ever shown in Toronto. Everyone will be interested in the newest shapes,—a charming collection, rather large, but very striking, in the rich new colors, including brown, pale blue, plum, etc. Ribbons play a large part in the trimming, and very appropriate they are, too. We especially invite visitors to inspect our showing.

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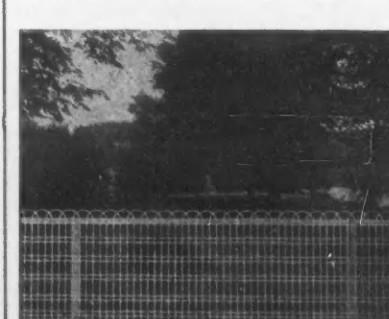
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They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

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how quickly a neglected skin will
retaliate. Almost before a woman
can realize it she finds that her
complexion is showing signs of
neglect. If yo^r complexion is not
clear, pure and fine, place your
self in our hands. Our

Face Treatments
will do more for you than any you
can procure elsewhere. We give
the only genuine face treatment
obtainable in Toronto. If yo^r had treatment from novices
and others try ours and note the
difference. Thirteen years of success.

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For all climates wear fine wool
which affords protection from
chill. Jaeger's tropical weight all
wool unshrinkable, \$1.50 garment.

Fine light weight all wool English
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special value 75c. garment.

Finest pure silk underwear in
slate and grey and flesh colors.

Catalogue mailed upon request

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For the children, nothing
can take the place of C.M.C. Hose Supporters.
No pins or sharp edges
to scratch or hurt the
fingers.
Clasp securely; easy on
and off; durable; won't
tear the stockings.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker are giving a reception for Mrs. Humphrey Ward, at their beautiful home in St. George street this evening.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Parlange, of New Orleans, and Mr. Joseph S. Lee, son of Mr. W. R. Lee, King street east, Toronto, was celebrated the other evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Charles Parlange, in Valence street. Owing to mourning in the family of

the bride the wedding guests were limited to the near relatives of both families and the most intimate friends. The wedding, however, was of much interest in exclusive social circles, Miss Parlange having been a great favorite in the younger set. She was one of the prettiest and most attractive young women of her debut year, and was greatly admired at all functions that season. The Parlange's home was profusely decorated with palms and ferns and clusters of roses and lilies. The bride entered the drawing-room, where the ceremony took place, with her grandfather, Mr. Arthur Denis, who gave her away. She was lovely in a rich bridal dress made of real lace, formerly belonging to her grandmother, and worn with a long veil of illusion. She carried a cluster of white roses and fern. The bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Harry McCall, awaited her coming by the side of the officiating priest, Rev. Father Biever, S.J. The bride's attendants were her sister, Miss Evelyn Parlange, as maid of honor, and Miss Lillian Lee, of Toronto, Canada, a sister of the bridegroom. They both wore lovely gowns in soft white, with lace trimmings, and carried shower bouquets of white and pink sweet peas arranged with fern and ribbon streamers. The young couple left on a bridal trip and on their return will reside in Louisiana for about a year, where Mr. Lee has business interests.

You have never tasted real Corn Flakes if you never ate
KORN-KINKS

The food that is all food. Made of the choicest white corn. Steam cooked, malted, flaked and toasted. Supplies the energy needed to begin the day's work. Crisp and delicious with milk or cream. Your grocer sells it. Ask him.

The only Malted Corn Flakes.



A gentleman naturally expects something better than he can get from his custom tailor when he goes to the Semi-ready Tailoring Store. It is our pleasure to see that he is not disappointed in getting a better style at a better price and better tailoring.

Business Suits at \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22 and \$25 in any of the above styles. Finished to measure from stock in two hours, or made to order from cloth samples in four days.

Semi-ready Tailoring

ED. MACK, LIMITED, 81st YONGE STREET, TORONTO
Letters to the wholesale should be addressed to Semi-ready, Limited, Montreal.

HERE are ways of administering a rebuke that cause it to sink deep into the soul. Such was the experience of a small farmer in Perthshire, who incurred his wife's displeasure on account of the attitude he assumed in showing some friends around his steading one day.

"This is ma new reaping' machine," he said, "and them's ma Cheviots, and that's ma coo," and so forth.

When the visitors had gone, his wife, in the words of the countryside, "yokit on him," and complained that he should have assumed the proprietorship of everything on the place.

"Weel," was his reply, "what should I have said?"

"It would have been more courteous to your wife to have said—"This is oor ploo, and oor coo," etc.

The gudeman took the reproof very much to heart, admitted that he had made a great mistake, and that he would mend his ways in the future.

A few days later, in the dark of a winter morning, John had to rise somewhat earlier than usual, and did so as quietly as possible in order not to wake his wife, but, as invariably happens, things were "contramacious." He began by knocking over chair, and followed that up by bruising his large toe against the wardrobe. His wife, awakened by the disturbance, petulantly exclaimed:

"John! what a noise you are making. What on earth are you doing?"

Mindful of his rebuke, John replied: "I was just lookin' for oor breeks."

M. ANDREW LANG, the eminent literary critic, and one of the most prolific writers of our times recently celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday. Mr. Lang's books, which range from histories and biographies to fairy stories, are so varied that on one occasion an American critic suggested seriously that Andrew Lang was not an individual, but a syndicate. Mr. Lang is a hard worker, but he is also a hard player—golf nowadays being his favorite sport, having supplanting fishing.

A friend of his once called in at

SOCIETY

THE manager of the Massey Hall informs me that the gallery doors of that auditorium are never locked on any occasion, therefore I make haste to correct the statement I made last week, that a door which I was quite unable to open was locked on the evening of the Caruso concert. I had not then the least doubt that this door was locked, but Mr. Houston tells me that the handle only moves the latch when turned in the opposite way to that usually done, and that as a result of my remark, this little peculiarity is to be remedied. Mr. Houston says: "As a matter of fact none of the inside and outside 42 exit doors are locked at Massey Hall. Indeed, the management takes a certain degree of pride in the fact that the hall's permanent exits are exceptionally numerous and equipped with the latest automatic fixtures. In the entire building the only doors that are ever locked are the office door and the two stage doors," which is very comforting to the public and most satisfactory.

Major and Mrs. Elmsley returned from their honeymoon on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Kirkpatrick of Saskatoon, are the guests of Mr. Kirkpatrick's sisters in Lowther avenue.

Miss Stewart, of Orillia, is visiting Mrs. E. W. Trent.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, 32 Walmer road, are leaving for Europe, sailing from New York by SS. Adriatic on Wednesday next, and will not return until the 1st of August.

Mrs. R. Ernest Diehl will receive with her mother, Mrs. Dibb, at 267 Beatrice street, for the first time since her marriage, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, May 19.

The annual meeting of the National Club took place on Wednesday evening, and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. George T. Irving, first vice-president, Mr. Wm. Stone; second vice-president, Mr. W. P. Gundy, all by acclamation; directors, Messrs. H. Douglas Eby, W. K. George, James Hardy, W. A. Littlejohn, A. L. Malone, Noel Marshall, W. K. McNaught, Frank A. Rolph, W. E. Rundle, W. P. Ryrie, R. Southam, Hubert L. Watt.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Winn, with Mr. Gordon and Mr. Eddie Jones, are going on their usual summer trip to the old country shortly. The Misses Gamble Geddes will accompany their grandmother, and will be left at school in England by Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is at the Queen's Hotel. She arrived from Ottawa to-day, where she has been the guest of Her Excellency, Countess Grey, at Rideau Hall.

The Misses McLeod, of 26 Crescent road, were the guests of Captain Berry at the tournament on Opening Night. Captain Berry is an Australian, an old friend of the McLeod family, who spent some sixteen years in Melbourne.

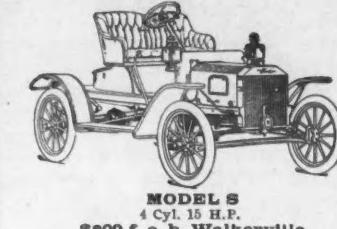
The luncheon which was to have been given to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, by the Woman's Canadian Club, has been by them postponed on account of Mrs. Ward's many engagements during her short stay in Toronto.

Miss Lena Hayes gives a violin recital on the 19th, in Conservatory Hall, assisted by Madame Bessie Bonssall, who has achieved such success in vocal music.

Miss Mary McKid, of Toronto, a bright young singer who is now in New York, slowly earning recognition, is one of the many interested in protecting themselves and their fellow artists from the requests of charity workers for gratuitous help in making up their programmes. To such heights has this imposition reached, that Miss McKid's move to refuse all such requests is greeted with favor and delight. A fee, more substantial than tea or ice cream is insisted upon. "If we only get five dollars," says the Toronto singer, "it would pay for the cab and the gloves perhaps!" Everywhere artists will agree that there is room for action on the lines chosen by Miss Mary McKid.

Next Saturday will see the annual spring gathering at the Woodbine, and the president and directors of the Jockey Club will entertain at luncheon before the first race. His Excellency the Governor General,

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's lecture in Association Hall on Monday evening, May 18, will be a literary treat that will long be remembered by her many admirers in Toronto. The plan for reserved seats opens at Tyrrell's, Friday morning, May 15, at 9 o'clock.



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4 Cyl. 15 H.P.
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Perhaps some day some other automobile manufacture will produce a four-cylinder runabout as strong and reliable as the Ford for \$800—perhaps.

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MODEL S ROADSTER
30-inch Wheels
\$875 f. o. b. Walkerville

E. & J. Burke's

THREE STAR

Old Irish Whiskey

Especially suitable to those who do not like strong flavored whiskies.

The extreme softness, mellowness and fine character are produced by age and high quality.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.

MACDONALD—April 12, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. R. T. MacDonald, 45 Elm avenue, Rosedale, a son.

MARTIN—At Regina, May 6, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Melville Martin, a son.

LITTLE—At Brampton, May 10, to Rev. James and Mrs. Little, a daughter.

BOURNE—At Philadelphia, May 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey M. Bourne, son.

MCKINNON—At Guelph, May 9, to Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McKinnon, a son.

MARRIAGES.

JONES-LOUNT—At St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, by the Rev. Thos. Costello Johnson, Ruth, daughter of J. Ewart Lount, Bracebridge, Ont., to Sydney Jones, of Toronto.

MCLELLAN-LICK—At Oshawa, May 5, Middie Lick, M. A., daughter of the late Jeremiah Lick, to Chas. A. McClellan, manager Western Bank of Canada, Pickering, Ont.

MAJCOLLM-ELLIS—At Kingston, May 4, Jessie Louise, only daughter of W. S. Ellis, to W. Lindsay Malcolm, M. A., B. Sc., of Queen's, Kingston.

GILBRIDE-PRESTON—At Stratford, May 9, Irene Jeffery, daughter of Wm. Preston, to Roland Cecil Gordon Gilbride, of St. Albans, Vermont.

DEATHS.

MARTER—In Toronto, May 8, Edward Carlton Marter, aged 44.

MCCARTHY—In Barrie, May 11, John Leigh Goldie McCarthy, M. B., in his 64th year.

PURE OLIVE OIL

is one of the most useful oils known, and is a very valuable article of diet.

But pureness is not all, as even pure oils differ in quality just as do the olives from which the oil is pressed.

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E. HOPKINS BURIAL CO.
(E. Hopkins) UNDERTAKERS
82 Yonge Street

WATT—In Toronto, May 12, James Watt, formerly secretary of The Globe, in his 74th year.

CARLISLE—At Grayson, Sask., May 4, Catharine Coral, wife of Dr. G. H. Carlisle.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Society at the Capital

As each summer comes round it finds a larger contingent of Ottawans than in the former year choosing an ocean trip in preference to the older custom of spending the warm months at a seaside resort. Already this year quite a number are contemplating an early start for England and the Continent, and among them are Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton, who will "summer" abroad; Sir Louis, Lady and Miss Mary Davies, who expect to sail in June; Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bate, who will leave during the same month; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson and Miss Marjorie Macpherson, who expect to start this month; Mrs. John Macpherson, of Argyle avenue, and her three daughters, who will remain abroad for a year; and Madame and Miss Marie Coursol, who sail next Friday and will visit Madame Coursol's mother in England. Miss Constance Dale-Harris sailed last Friday for a visit to relatives in England, and Miss Idington, accompanied her cousin Miss MacDougall, of Scotland, who has spent the winter in the Capital with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Idington, has also gone to spend some time with relatives in England and Scotland. Col. and Mrs. Molson Crawford, who came from Montreal to reside in the Capital for the winter, returned to their former home early in the week, and expect to sail shortly to spend the summer in travelling on the Continent, returning to Ottawa in the autumn.

HER EXCELLENCY LADY Grey, with her niece Lady Mary Parker, spent the greater portion of last week at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, returning to town on Saturday with His Excellency Lord Grey, who was in Montreal for a couple of days to be present at the Horse Show. Capt. Pickering, A.D.C., and Mr. Arthur Sladen accompanied His Excellency. Lady Grey is taking a deep interest in the arrangements for the Quebec Tercentenary, and has expressed a desire that a number of Ottawa ladies should participate in the pageant. In this connection several of the young people and younger matrons were invited to tea at Government House one afternoon recently for the purpose of talking over the projected scheme, but no ultimate decision was arrived at and will not be until Mr. Lascelles comes up from Quebec at the end of the week, when something more definite will probably be decided upon. The chief difficulty which faces everyone is the inadequacy of the Ancient Capital to provide suitable accommodation for the vast multitudes who will flock there during the month of July. All those who have relatives or friends in Quebec are announcing their intention of availing themselves of their hospitality during the celebration.

HON. MRS. LIONEL GUEST and her daughter, Miss Lucy Dodge, came up from Ste. Anne de Bellevue in the earlier part of the week and spent several days as the guests of Their Excellencies at Government House.

MRS. DALE-HARRIS entertained at the tea hour on Wednesday, when her guests were invited to meet Mrs. Cadenhead, of Boston, a former resident of Ottawa, who is spending a short time with Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Bell Dawson presided at the tea-table, which was prettily done with quantities of pink carnations, and her assistants were Miss Bessie Keefer, Miss Dorothy Fletcher and Miss Constance Lawe.

THE largest affair of the week was a very well arranged and enjoyable tea given by Miss Annie Fitzpatrick, in her father's handsome residence in Laurier avenue, east, on Tuesday. The drawing room was fragrant with the scent of many pale pink carnations, while the tea table was a picture with the most exquisite deep red roses charmingly arranged. Mrs. J. G. Foster and Mrs. George Thompson shared the more arduous part of the afternoon's duties in pouring tea and chocolate for the many guests who availed themselves of the first invitation given by this bright young hostess since coming to the Capital to reside. Mrs. Lucien Bance served the ices, and those who assisted were Miss Marion Masson, Miss Baskerville, Miss Sauvalle and Miss Marion Rudnick.

AMONG those who returned last week from their temporary sojourns at various attractive points were: Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser, and the Misses Lottie and Mildred Fraser, who have been occupying a cot-

tage at Saranac, N. Y., since Christmas; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses St. Denis Lemoine and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, who have enjoyed a most delightful month's rest at Cape May, Virginia; Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier and her small son, who have been spending several weeks at The Welland, St. Catharines; Mrs. Drummond Hogg, who was also in St. Catharines and Buffalo; and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Powell, who have been in Atlantic City and New York for a month.

SEVERAL very charming dinners were on the list of last week's social happenings, two of them being large ones at Government House on Wednesday and Thursday, at both of which the guests included only the various Senators and Members of Parliament, who are still hard at work on the Hill.

AT Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gill's bright little dinner on Wednesday evening those present were: Col. and Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Taylor, Miss Muriel Burrowes, and Hon. Thos. Daly, the latter of whom spent several days in town. Mr. and Mrs. Gill left on the following day for Montreal to attend the Horse Show, where Mrs. Gill's sister, Mrs. Sherriss, rode in the arena.

ANOTHER delightfully arranged dinner on Wednesday was one given by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, when their list of guests included Col. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Foster and Mr. Drummond Hogg.

MRS. J. J. CODVILLE, of Daly avenue, was the hostess of a most interesting bridge party of nine tables of experienced players on Friday afternoon. Those who carried off the pretty prizes were Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Horace Lee and Mrs. H. Allan Bate. The interior of the beautiful new home of Mr. and Mrs. Codville was made doubly attractive by the addition of a wealth of beautiful flowers, daffodils and lily of the valley being most tastefully arranged in the dining room, while pink roses abounded in the drawing room.

THE CHAPERONE. Ottawa, May 11, 1908.

My Thoughts Go Marching Like An Armed Host.

MY thoughts go marching like an armed host
Out of the city of silence, guns and cars;
Troop after troop across my dreams they post
To the invasion of the winds and stars.
O brave array of youth's untamed desire!

With thy bold, dauntless captain
Hope to lead
His raw recruits to Fate's opposing fire,

And up the walls of Circumstance to bleed!

How fares the expedition in the end?
When this, my heart, shall have old age for king
And to the wars no further troop can send,
What final message will the armistice bring?

The host gone forth in youth the world to meet,
In age returns—in victory or defeat?

—Boston Transcript.

GRAND TRUNK AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, LONDON, ENG.

It is a well-known fact that at all the World's Fairs and International Exhibitions, held in the past decade, the Grand Trunk has been most prominently represented with attractive displays, and in each case gold medals and diplomas have been their award. At the Franco-British Exhibition which is to be held at Shepherd's Bush, London, May to October, this year, the Grand Trunk are not behind in their progressive ness and have erected a beautiful pavilion covering about 2,000 square feet of space in a picturesque spot known as the French Court.

This structure follows in design the Renaissance style of architecture with an artistic pillared entrance. Over the entrance rises a group of statuary representing the Grand Trunk Railway System as "speed" with an electric star surmounting the head of the central figure emblematic of the "Star of Empire," and on each side of this figure is represented in smaller figures the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the central figure joining their hands, representing the spanning of the continent by the new National Transcontinental Railway. This allegorical group is a very im-

posing one and the idea is appropriate.

The interior of the building is arranged in a combination of color harmony of olive green and red. The scenic views of the Grand Trunk Railway, as well as views of the summer tourists' districts and fishing and hunting resorts in Canada are beautifully portrayed by a series of bromide enlargements finished in a sepia tint and framed in a dull quartered oak. The photographic work has been executed by Mr. J. W. Swan the well-known landscape photographer, who has excelled himself, if possible, in this collection. These pictures cover the walls to a distance of two feet from the ceiling, and the entire interior has been set off by a beautiful frieze made up of grains and grasses from Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and the West. In this frieze are embedded specimens of Canadian fish and game mounted in an attractive way, the whole forming a unique and pleasing effect.

In the centre of the room a pyramid has been erected, on which is shown samples of the cereals of the Province of Ontario, as well as natural samples of fruit from the "Garden of Canada."

Animated moving picture machines, projecting fishing, hunting and railroad scenes, are other features on the floor space. Interesting and instructive literature has been specially prepared for distribution, and it is estimated that from fifteen to twenty million people will visit this exhibition during its lifetime. Canada and the Grand Trunk Railway System will secure a tremendous amount of publicity through this medium.

Among the special features on display in this building will be two exceptionally fine moose heads, one the record head taken from the Province of Ontario, and the other a freak head that will attract a great deal of attention.

Mr. S. W. Cummings, who until recently was General Passenger Agent of the Central Vermont Railway, has been appointed to the position of director of this exhibit.

VICTORIA DAY RATES.

The C. P. R. will sell round-trip tickets at single fare for Victoria Day holiday, tickets good going Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 23, 24 and 25, return limit Tuesday, May 26th. At all C. P. R. ticket offices and stations.

"Julius Caesar, young gentlemen, reformed the calendar. What may we surmise from this?" "That he was a good politician and stuck to harmless issues," answered the class as one man.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Absolutely all packet teas and most bulk teas show the grocer a larger profit than "Salada," but few of them show as much satisfaction to the consumer.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Established 1857, Montreal Agents

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

This healing and soothing Powder is prepared from the formula of an eminent physician in charge of a baby hospital. Its antiseptic and medicinal qualities wonderfully adapt it for the Toilet and Nursery. Safest for Mother and Child.



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"The fact that Colgate's Violet and Cashmere Bouquet Talc Powders exert an inhibitory action on the growth of bacteria, recommends them as being admirably suited for use both on infants and adults." Prof. VIRGIL COBLENTZ, Ph. D. Phar. M., F.C.S.

Trial packages of both Cashmere Bouquet Talc Powder and Cashmere Bouquet Soap sent for 10cts. (in stamps). Full size packages for 25cts. each if not obtainable locally. Colgate & Co., Dept. F, Coristine Bldg., Montreal.

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AND
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In a solid rubber tire it guarantees good honest composition and the correct features of construction.

Head Office and Factory: Booth Ave., Toronto



J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Established 1857, Montreal Agents

A DESPATCH from Rossland, \$3,000 to the carload. The vein of B. C. says that a miner named F. E. Griffith, who located on the Westmount on Ten Mile Creek, in the Slocan, has struck luck in a large way after patiently working his mine for twelve years. He located the Westmount in 1896 and at once went to work on it, and has remained doggedly at work ever since. He performed the wonderful feat of driving a 1,000-foot tunnel single handed. Often for three months at a time he never saw a human face or heard the sound of a human voice except his own. He stayed with the game steadily and is now meeting his reward. He is shipping a carload of selected ore every month, which goes about

bringing reindeer to Labrador for breeding purposes has encouraged the promoters to believe that if the action sought is taken they may have rookeries of fur-seals off Labrador within a few years. It is said that unless something is done in the near future for the protection of fur-seals in the North Pacific they will in a short time become extinct. There will be thirty-eight Japanese sealing vessels on these grounds this year, besides local seal hunters.

SOMETHING more than quiet humor is in this paragraph, printed at the end of the Edmonton Opera House regulations by Manager Brandon:

"Any old ladies afraid of taking cold may keep on their hats or bonnets."

Mrs. Backpay: "Good morning, sir. Will you take a chair? Installment Collector: No, thank you, ma'am. I've come to take the piano.—Tit-Bits.

Stella: "Did she keep him at arm's length?" Bella: "Worse; she held him at hat width." —N. Y. Sun.



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Pianos

GRANDS.
UPRIGHTS.PLAYER
PIANOS.HOLD THE PLACE OF HONOR AS
CANADA'S MOST ARTISTIC PIANOS

SALESROOMS:

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Hamilton 97 Yonge St., Toronto

FOR THE WEDDING

Let your present be something unique, decorative and tasteful. Nothing is more acceptable or more appropriate than a selection from our unusually large and artistic collection of

**ORIENTAL ART OBJECTS
RUGS AND BRASSWARE**

We have just received a large new shipment from the East. Come in and see our assortment.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

40 King St. E. Opposite King Edward Hotel

This Trade Mark Guarantees
Purity, Quality and Cleanliness

**JAMS AND
MARMALADES**

Wholesome Appetizing



Only sound, full grown fruit and pure cane sugar used. All the fruit used is grown and preserved on E. D. Smith's well-known fruit farms at Winona, Ont.

Order trial bottle from your grocer. Insist on E. D. S. brand.

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6640 - 6641A Representative will
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Instructions.

**A Week in the
Life of a Golf Fiend**

I HAD rather prided myself on my ability to play golf. Indeed, had I not good reason to do so? I had defeated several men with handicaps considerably lower than my own, and had arrived at that dangerous state in which I thought I understood my own game. However, the Muse that presides over golf would not tolerate such blissful ignorance, and for the last week had taken me in hand, and reduced me to a very bedraggled mortal.

I had started out Monday afternoon with encouragement enough at the first two or three holes to suppose I would have a good round, when for some unaccountable reason I sliced three balls out of bounds from the fourth tee. Then my troubles began, and what I went through can only be experienced by a golfer. The slicing malady remained with me steadily for several days, during which time I had viewed the scenery of the links from many different angles, finally leaving me a much weaker man, to the troubles of topping. With apparently no control of my actions, I continued in this manner consistently, and visited many new bunkers. Of course, this monotony was relieved with an occasional slice out of bounds, which made me still more discontented with my lot. My mind could not hold out against this, so I stopped in the middle of the round, and practised driving. No change resulted after half an hour's practise; then, by a prodigious effort, I managed to raise the ball a few feet from the ground. With this encouragement strength speedily returned, and I drove several good balls, but my lesson from the Muse was not yet over, and I soon developed a pull. This rather pleased me, as I had heard that all long drivers got a slight hook at the end of their drive, which added much distance. I was satisfied that I had discovered my fault, and the next day was on the tee ready for revenge at the game, which, for four days, had denied me so much pleasure and so humiliated my pride.

The pull was very useful at the first hole, and even at the second exhibited some sense of decency, but soon it grew out of all proportion, and my dreams of convalescence vanished. Such curves, as I produced would have netted a baseball pitcher many thousands yearly, but were of little use in golf. Cure it I must, and, to my surprise, this was not so difficult as I had expected. By a judicious ducking of my right knee on the downward swing, the pull soon vanished, and I was immediately enmeshed in the throes of hitting the ground before my ball. This was, indeed, maddening. With a sickly thud, I would hit the ground, and the ball would rise lazily, and, with a gentle trajectory to the right, would land not less than seventy-five yards from the tee, and, alas, not more. I was told that by going to an extreme, and teeing my ball very high, a psychological cure would be effected; this, however, only increased the desire of my club head to strike the ground with passionate force, and I could easily have run forward and caught my next drive, which was a high one. Evidently, I was not a subject for psychology, and I began to consider what would be the result of burying my ball instead of teeing it. In this manner I finished the round, utterly distraught, and with a firm determination to leave the game alone. It had developed a fury in me, that I did not know I possessed, and altogether I was a changed man. I consoled myself that I would resign my membership from the club, and go in for some game, which demanded some intelligence, and began to sympathize with those people who laugh at golf. They were the chosen people, and I was surprised I had not realized it before.

The next day was Saturday. It was a beautiful morning, so I immediately planned to go for a sail, and, with the expectation of a good day's pleasure, dressed quickly, and sat down to breakfast. Suddenly a thought of golf flashed across my mind. I tried to banish it, but the more I tried the more it forced itself upon me. I reached for the morning paper, in order to take my mind off the subject, but instinctively my eyes turned to the golf news. There they read, in large print, "Monthly Handicap To-Day." I felt quite upset, all the while feeling some abnormal power taking control of my will. I was a slave to golf; I must go out and play in the handicap. Of course, this was not the manner in which I presented the case to myself. I reasoned that I should not let so little a thing master me, that was cowardly, and I hoped I was not a coward.

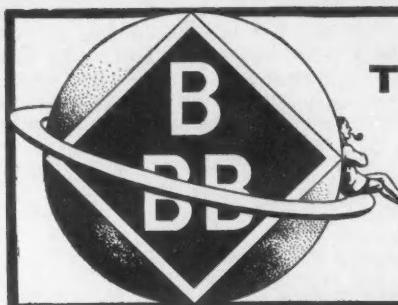
Two o'clock found me on the links, entered for the handicap, and intent upon the game with all the frenzy I possessed. What a sight! Here I was a prey to all the vices known to

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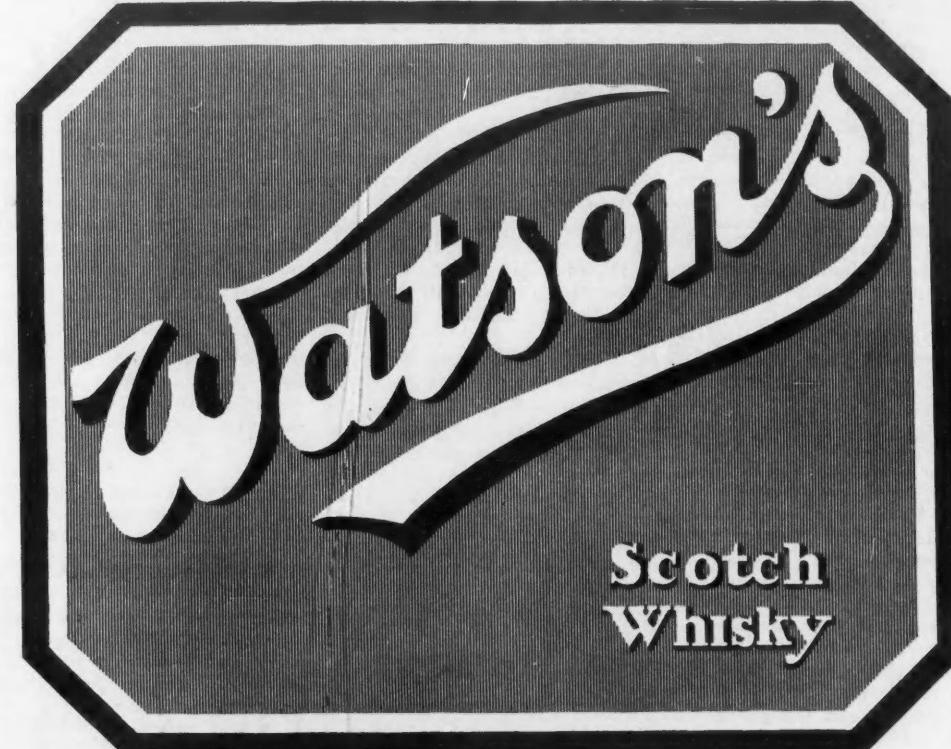
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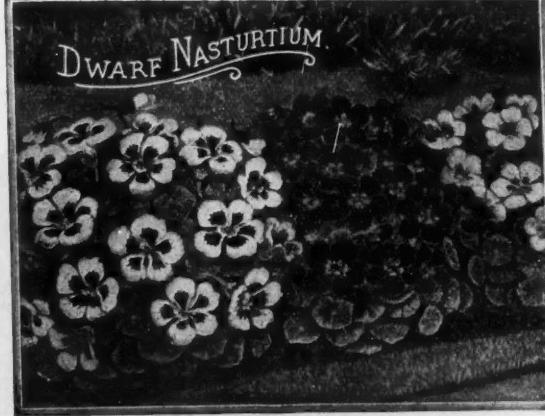
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golf, slicing, pulling, topping, skying, all the faults to which I had been introduced singly appeared before me in quick succession, and there was no monotony about this. Presently a sort of numbed feeling came over me, and I did not care. It would soon be over, and I would drown my sorrows at the club-house. With this melancholy, I stepped up to my ball, and, to my surprise, hit a good drive, straight down the course about two hundred yards. What sort of a game was this? Again I drove, and this time a better one. The sun seemed to shine brighter. I got the hole in bogey. I almost began to take an interest in my partner. The seventeenth green I drove, and held my putt for a two, and finished the round with a faultless four at the home hole. A delightful calm had come upon me, and I felt that I had come out a conqueror. Golf was a fine game, and from now on I would quickly take my place in the front rank of players. To-morrow this would be proved.

What bells were those? Yes. I remembered it was Sunday, and those were the church bells ringing. What was I to do? It was quite against my principles to play golf on Sunday, but here I had made my plans, without realizing what day it was. Should I miss this chance to develop my game? Surely I owed it to myself to

have some pleasure after the trying week I had spent. Thus I reasoned, Why should I not play? With an instinctive shrug of my shoulders I reached for a book on my table.—Huxley was the author's name.

Toronto, May, '08.

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